TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 26 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, MAY 23, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 182

Around Town.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has written a letter suggesting the formation of a literary, artistic and scientific club. He holds that the Canadian Institute on its present footing by no means serves this purpose, though he makes some suggestions by which he hopes it might be made a suitable place of meeting and intercourse. A great many efforts have been made in Toronto to establish such a club as is proposed. The Press Club had pleasant and commodious rooms on Bay street, and Mr. John Ross Robertson endeavored to father the thing until it became a hopeless failure. This has been the history of all such attempts, and I am afraid that even with the addition of Mr. Goldwin Smith's five o'clock tea and an annual dinner at a restaurant the new venture could not be saved from disastrous failure. I cannot agree with him that what is needed is a batch of papers and some new books to call the artistic, scientific and newspaper men to a rendezvous, though no one can deny that "there seems to be otherwise little chance of bringing our scientific, literary and artistic circle socially together under the present conditions of society and hospitality in Toronto." Mr. Goldwin Smith has made many praiseworthy efforts to have The Grange considered the hub of Canadian thought and his hospitality has been generous and far-reaching, though in the direction of which he writes, scarcely of a local character. Literary, scientific and artistic tourists and those who have achieved fame in Canada have been entertained, and no one has any right to complain that minor local lights have not been honored by the theoretically democratic professor. Such patronage may have been refused; at least it would not be amiss to remark that the artists and newspaper men of Toronto do care to be patronized, and no club can be organized which is not the outgrowth of a feeling that it shall not be "run" by any one person or little coterie of persons. Yet the propriety of such management seems to be the main thought of those who are advocating the institution under consideration. The editor of the *Week* urges that:

> Not the least of the advantages to be derived from such an institution would be, if we may be permitted to say so, the incidental benefits that would accrue to younger members from occasional contact with men who have attained eminence in literature, science or art, and whose matured powers and cultivated tastes would make their very presence a source of inspiration and aid to younger workers in the same fields, without the conscious effort of either party.

I very much fear that we have no select circle in Toronto such as the editor of the *Week* describes. It is quite possible that a few of the "younger members" might benefit by "occasional contact" with Mr. Goldwin Smith and two or three others, who are too democratic to deny us the enjoyment and exaltation to be produced by the privilege of touching the hem of their garments on a club night but who are too aristocratic to generally diffuse the wisdom-creating aroma of their presence by mixing with those to toil for dollars and not for fame alone. I have never yet been able to find a source of "inspiration and aid" in the contiguity of alleged greatness, and I imagine that the majority of workers in the fields alluded to would rather miss the "occasional contact" even when coupled with five o'clock tea and "incidental benefits."

* * *

Some weeks ago a number of leading clergymen of the religious bodies in the United States were asked whether they thought the coming Columbian exposition at Chicago should be opened on Sunday. By far the greater number of those appealed to considered that even while such expositions are a rarity, opening the doors on a Sunday of even the artistic departments, where but few attendants are required, would be "the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge" and consequently they are strongly opposed to anything of the sort. Some of them urge very strongly indeed that so many concessions having been made to those opposed to observing Sunday as if it were the Jewish sabbath, the whole people in a national celebration should set their seal of approval upon an old-fashioned observance of the Lord's Day. Far be it from me to utilize whatever slight influence I may have to degrade a popular or national idea, and I should have reason to reproach myself were I to lend whatever strength I may have towards the destruction of a day of rest; yet I confess to unutterable weariness in reading the rodomontade of some of these religious teachers who understand theology so well and humanity so slightly that they are afraid the poor workingman shall yet be robbed of his day of rest by the insidious devices of the minions of the devil who are alleged to be going about with a fiendish determination that the toiler shall not be permitted to rest from his labor even during one day of the seven. I believe that these gentlemen desire in a negative way to protect the workingman, that is, they object to seeing his burdens increased, particularly in such a way as may interfere with their church business. I understand myself to be reporting what is admittedly true rather than asserting a new thing while alleging that the chief business of clergymen in general is the filling of their pews, not the salvation of souls nor the reduction of the burdens of those who are unfortunate enough to be wage-earners. A wave of almost unspeakable horror seems to roll over the great soul of the clergy when any suggestion is made looking towards secular enjoyment on Sunday. They can see nothing but evil in one man being permitted to work while contributing to the proper enjoyment of thousands, yet women toil in garrets twenty hours out of the twenty-four, are clothed in rags or in desperation array themselves in the habiliments of shame and no preacher leads a crusade against the pharisaical tyrant who sits in a pew and thanks God that he is not as other men are, while his carriage, his servants, his home and his donations to the church are all paid for out of the sweat of the oppressed and the very bill he puts on the plate is moist with the tears of those who never know a day of plenty or an hour of safety. Of what use is it for men to rant over a day of rest in seven when neither by their voice nor by their personal endeavor have they striven to limit the hours of toil or the profits of greed. It is all well enough to cling to the forms handed down to us by Moses, but these forms are worthless unless coupled with the teachings of Christ and an observance of the example He set while on earth.

* * *

If the greed of so-called Christians were not so great, if the oppression of the poor were not so general, if slavery were not so prevalent that portion of mankind and womankind too weak to resist would be better fed, better lodged and better provided with opportunities of rest and recreation with seven days' labor and no Sunday at all than they now are with six days of misery, and an opportunity at the beginning of each week to stare in hopeless torment at one another and wonder if body and soul can be kept together until the dawn of another so-called day of rest. After we have done the best we can do to surround the six days of labor with proper restrictions, and to prevent a slavery worse than that from which the negroes of the South have just been freed, we may properly begin our expressions of concern regarding the day of rest. That there should be such a day is admitted, but when men and women and too often children as well, have been forced to slave during every available hour of the six days, it is tyranny to prevent them having some human enjoyment on the seventh. It is impossible for us to expect them to obtain spiritual profit by denying them all opportunity of seeing what on a week day would be proper to be seen; it is absurd to imagine that a day of mere idleness, disturbed by church-going and overshadowed by a weariness inseparable from social and industrial slavery, is the best that we can give them, or that it is necessarily the fulfillment of God's idea that everyone should have a chance to rest. When the hours of labor are shortened, when the "sweating" system does not disgrace the business methods of professed Christians, when it is not winked at by zealous parsons, when the fruits of it will not be accepted to quiet the title these people claim to have to a place in heaven, then we may have a holy day each week devoted to spiritual things without isolating toilers from the humanizing influences of seeing and hearing that which their human instincts crave. Rest indeed! It is little that some of these parsons care how much rest wage-workers get! They are satisfied if the form of the Jewish law be observed. They preach that there is rest in heaven, and I doubt if they even appreciate the neccessity of rest on earth except that rest which enables people to go to church and drop their nickle into the slot of a theological machine which is to deliver to the pew-sitter at some future date a white robe and a harp and immunity from labor and suffering. It is entirely immaterial in Canada, except from a moral standpoint, whether they open the Columbian exhibition on Sunday or not; but there is growing up in this country as well as amongst our neighbors a natural detestation of practical theology which admits the righteousness of no rest for the poor during six days, in order that there may be perfect idleness under ecclesiastical direction on the seventh.

* * *

There never was a time in the history of the world when rude mankind did not esteem bravery as the chief virtue. The courageous man has been the hero of every song and story since Adam delved and Eve span. Neither cannibal nor cultured monarch has successfully ruled without displaying courage. Armies have been led and victories won by men who had little but courage. The whole world has been transfigured by brave men. Empires have gone down, kingdoms have dropped to a place as unimportant as that of a back township because the ruler was a coward. Lives have been lost and disgrace heaped upon the grave of brave men by generals who lacked courage; villages have grown into cities and cities have sunk into villages more by reason of the courage of the people or the lack of it than by favorable situation. General Grant was president of the United States because the people worshipped his courage. He had little else worthy of their devotion. A man of action, a man who dares to do what he thinks is right, is of much more importance in a community than a man who would like to do right but never dares to try. The majority of men when a crisis arrives, make haste to get under the barn. Some poet has written that a man is a coward or his deserts are small who at a crisis is not willing to win or lose it all, but the training of this age seems to be in the direction of skulking. Few men will accept of a crucial test. The leader of to-day prefers to be skilful with his mouth rather than brave at heart; he would rather flatter his enemies than defeat them; he would rather betray his friends than favor them. I do not agree with ex-Alderman Frankland who once said that the time when men broke noses and kick ed shins and spilled blood generally was more beautiful than the present epoch, yet I cannot but deplore the poor, miserable mental attitude which would rather win a victory in a law suit than by doing what is right and proper and just under the guidance of an impulse which should tell a man how to act and when. Good ordinary common sense, the courage which has conviction as a basis and disregard of popular approval as an adjunct, guides men through more difficulties than all the lawyers, councillors and advisers who were ever born. We must know and then we must act. If we know we are right then who but the gods dare say that we should not go ahead? The spectacle of those who are right and strong crawling under the barn is the most weakening example which could be offered to a community. Cowardice when there is danger is bad enough, but cowardice when there is absolute safety should start the tears of gods and men. This sort of thing is sometimes called discretion and an adage hath it that "discretion is the better part of valor." Some other liveless wit has written that "it is better to fight and run away and live to fight another day." Despite all these incentives offered the coming generation to be curs in the time of danger and poltroons when duty demands courage, there yet remains in the human heart an unalterable attachment to the man who has sense enough to be right and courage enough to act. Thank God that the weakness of kitchen philosophy and the enervating influence of caucus cowardice can never overcome that brave and beautiful idea common alike to savages and savants that the man who dares do what is right is a thousandfold better than the man who knows, but is knock-kneed and shivering when called upon to act.

* * *

With regard to personal courage, of which I may write feelingly because I may be lacking in it; the sacredness of human life which I always have held to be over-estimated and the inviolability of law which is a delusion inasmuch as those who make the law are always superior to the law itself—as the cause must always be greater than the effect—I may be heterodox. This much, however, must be apparent to everyone who read the description of the roaring farce enacted by the mayor and the street railway committee last Saturday night, that one man with courage showed that he dare oppose a whole city when that city is represented by men who have no more courage than a cow. I cannot imagine anything more ridiculous at a crisis such as demanded action at the midnight of the day which ushered in this week and should have ushered in the new *regime* in our street car service, than a band of aldermen headed by the mayor poking around the offices and stables of the street car company, and being bluffed by a sharp-tongued old Irishman like Senator Smith. As a contemporary has remarked, there was only one man in the outfit and that was Hon. Frank Smith who, while he was wrong, had the courage of his convictions. I have had occasion to differ with Hon. Frank Smith very frequently, and I think the majority of those who have watched his career have by no means agreed with him or even considered his courage an evidence of prudence, yet to-day he stands higher in the community than the municipal solons who poked their umbrellas at his doors, can ever hope to stand. They peeked and slunked and skulked like loafers trying to get into a tap room or burglars seeking quiet admission to a deserted kitchen. If civic management has no more heroic methods it cannot be a matter of general wonderment that self-respecting men avoid an aldermanic career. If law as interpreted by blatant fee-earners is to be supreme and individual character can have no place, no man who is ashamed to be called a coward should hold public office. What is law, anyway, but the public expression of the desire of the multitude? When by force of circumstances or the exigency created by craft or greed, action is demanded, if the recorded opinion of a court rather than the expressed and just and clamorous demands of the body which created the court must be respected, why do we have an executive officer? If no judgment is to be used we might as well have a municipal lawyer and a policeman—at a salary not exceeding two thousand dollars—at the head of our entire executive department. For my own part I am such a firm believer in the tendency of the average man to do right that it seems to me impossible that another such an outfit could be gotten together as stared helplessly at the door of the street railway offices last Saturday night.

* * *

If the issue had been unexpected we might forgive the cowardice of the actors therein. But Senator Smith from the beginning has declared that he intended to fight and preparation should have been made for the issue. If it had been the first time in the experience of those concerned, the weakness manifested might have been overlooked. But in the Esplanade matter Mayor Clarke endeavored to dodge the whole issue, and by his Montreal agreement led the railway companies to presume that Toronto was a city without any grit; when a better proposition was made, directly and indirectly he opposed it until finally we are asked to accept something which makes the business men sick and tired of being officered by such spineless effigies. Not only was this done, but when the Citizens' Committee opposed what was nothing but an absurd settlement the mayor and aldermen all weakened and lent their best endeavors to prove that the Citizens' Committee was wrong, not with the idea of benefiting the city but of protecting themselves. In the matter of the Don, the railway facilities on the banks of the reconstructed river, and the crossings, the mayor and council were opposed to the citizens and resented interference with the same reasonable and animal elegance as a goat shows when it butts against the person of one whose intelligence far exceeds its own. We have won no fights. The city solicitor is always ready to give an opinion that we are wrong and that those who demand the use of public property without admitting the right of the people to dictate terms, cannot be interfered with. Our watch dogs do a great deal of barking but it cannot have escaped the observation of the citizens that they never bite. They run along the fence and appear enormously fierce until somebody opens the gate, and then they all hunt for shelter. There is a far better defence for the action of the mayor and committee on Saturday night than can be furnished in the Esplanade matter, and if it had stood as a single instance of the poltroonery of the executive it might have been passed over; but as an evidence of the systematic cowardice and contemptible weakness of the men placed in charge of Toronto's interests it is thoroughly sickening.

* * *

Never before in the history of this city has so much money been expended in law. What

The Path Through the Wood. *see page 8.*

have we got for it? Nothing but rebuffs and ignominy. In the instance under discussion a crowbar would have won the same fight in five minutes that was won by lawyers at Osgoode Hall. Three policemen seized F. B. McNamee's conduit without half the excuse and in greater defiance of law because they thought he could not resist. Any strong corporation can come in and kick this city around, and when the executive have bathed their bruises and poulticed the injured places, instead of striking back they consult a lawyer and everything is forgotten in a few days. Toronto, as at present offered, presents the most available opportunity for any bumptious adventurer to come up and kick it that can be found on the continent. This cowardly spirit is not confined to the council, but its representatives are quite willing to parade themselves in the Provincial Legislature and at Ottawa as the unprotected and indefensible products of civic nothingness. The result of all this is that our taxes are high, our self respect low; we spend money freely but earn the contempt of those who spend nothing at all; we hire men to look after our interests and we can never find them except under the grub wagon; our rights are attacked and we never make reprisal; we give that which is ours in trade for that which, when we have exchanged, continues to belong to somebody else, and throughout the city is continually a laughing-stock, the butt of those who fight it and our affairs are as open and empty as the grab bag at a church fair. In the matter of the street railway we have obtained possession. What I protest against is the weakness in a moment of action, which has become the habit of those who are supposed to protect our interests. If we win it is because the press and public have been unanimous in condemning the conduct of those who should have been strong. With our police and with an unusual unanimity of public opinion and the righteousness of our cause, we certainly have a fight in which the general should not act like a calf; yet this has been the history of the episode so far, and any change of attitude will not be an exhibit of personal courage but the result of the imperative nature of the popular demand.

* *

In conversation with a man who is at the head of a great concern in Toronto, a man whose duties lead him to visit the principal cities of the United States, I was beset the other evening with arguments in favor of annexation. The principal contention was the fact that so many Canadians have gone from Canada to the republic in pursuit of a livelihood. I urged that the tide was turning, that it was not at all difficult to find Americans here in Canada, not as members of the exiled colony, but as speculators and the financiers of American concerns. At one time Canadian farmers went to the United States believing that cheap land and an immense market would soon make them rich. They have all been undeceived. The imaginary line which separates the Canadian North-West from Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and Washington Territory is now cut up by the wagon tracks of those who come to us. We have a country infinitely more productive than theirs; the gods have given us two hours more sunlight to mature our grain than shines upon their wheat districts. The north-west end of this continent is greater in extent, grander in scenery, more noble in the exploits of the men who settled it and it must become attractive to the people to the south of us. Until now we could not hope to look for emigrants from the people of the United States. At the present moment European emigrants are less important to us than ever before because we have a densely populated nation to the south of us; none but its best men will endure what they conceive to be the rigors of the north in the pursuit of an honest livelihood and we will draw from them a population the most select, the most money-making, the most valuable on this continent. That we have waited is not important in an argument. Though we may not accept as proper the attitude of the man who buys a lot and waits until it is surrounded by a dense population before he prepares to sell, yet we can see in him an instance of how the surest money is made. Canada has waited until the United States has achieved its limit of speculative population. No longer will that country be the Mecca of those journeying towards a gold mine; it has ceased to be the land in which sovereigns can be picked up by strangers. Chiefest amongst those who recognize this are the Americans themselves. We are not waiting for their overflow, it is not desirable; but we are receiving the best and most frugal element that is being created by a wave of foreign aggressors unwelcome in the United States as it was distasteful at home. The people are coming to Canada who seek refuge from the Americanized section of the Fenians of Ireland, the anarchy of Europe and the Mafia of Italy; and together with the tendencies of our northern climate and the absolute fact that northlanders have always been in control of the world, Canada is slowly but surely building herself up. It is only the brave who will venture into the north; it is the idle that cluster 'neath the palms of the south. As we develop and strengthen ourselves money, everything will be ours. Our cities will grow; those stretches now uninhabited will be peopled; and while it takes longer to accomplish the task of settling our prairies, yet when they are settled there will be no reconstruction, no flitting, and the northern part of North America is as certain to dominate, as sure to absorb the wealth of those who are careless and luxurious as that the northern tribes in the history of the earliest centuries swooped down upon the effete and luxurious people of the south without a single reverse. We cannot reckon the ratio of the past to be the progress of the future. The northern lands succeed after the warmer climes have exhausted their energies. We have had to wait, but we sha'n't have to wait much longer. Even now the tide has turned our way; the tracks of the wagons which cross the lines are drawn by horses whose hoofprints point northward; everything is coming to us; this is a moment of transition; those men who protect what they have and acquire the property of those who think that the world is going to turn backward, will in the near future be successful. From the old sort which adjures us never to take the horse shoe from the door we might at least learn this lesson, never to be discouraged when all the horse shoes are turned towards Canada. For a few years we will pass through the troubles that every new nation must pass through, but our very troubles are the surest symptoms that soon, very very soon, our troubles are all to be over and that we will possess that which God has always promised to those who learn to labor and to wait.

* *

It has often been declared that the strongest impulse of the female heart is that of maternity. Writers who have endeavored to use the strongest illustrations have spoken of the love of the lioness for her young, and the ferocity with which the she bear will defend her cub. In the lower order of animals the father sometimes will feed upon his offspring, but the mother rarely or never. In the human species it was once supposed that this maternal instinct existed in a still more intensified form, yet we must be blind to the facts presented by statistics in the incidents which come under our own observation, if we deny that the supposed necessities of modern life have caused the prevention of maternity to become a widespread study. No doubt that, whether legitimatized by marriage or not, has been the cause, and many wrong and dangerous things leading to infanticide the result. It would be indelicate as well as unnecessary to go into details. This much, however, is absolutely true, that sins of this sort are more prevalent among the rich than among the poor. Luxury begets a distaste for those maternal cares which make it impossible for a woman to devote herself to the giddy whirl of society or to what may be—alas too often are—the selfish demands of her husband. Therefore the excuse of poverty, the fact that constant toil is absolutely necessary to procure daily bread and nightly shelter cannot be offered as a defence. It would be a bold and hateful task for any writer to assert or insinuate an opinion as to the prevalence in a greater or less degree of methods which are deteriorating our species as well as preventing an increase of population. They are such at least that when a case comes before the public, such as that of Sarah Fox, lately released from jail on suspended sentence though she had been proven guilty of infanticide, sympathy cannot be denied her, for many must know what she suffered and all can appreciate to a greater or less extent the terrible strength of the temptations to which she yielded. Surely, indeed, those who have been betrayed and left friendless may be forgiven for a wildly desperate moment resulting in crime, when those who are rich in this world's goods and the love of others sometimes yield to temptations much less severe, and become guilty of sins quite as unnatural, though more secret. Of such things who can write? Yet regarding them we can find no excuse for silence. Of one thing we may be sure, neither preaching nor writing can prevent the individual when in desperate straits, from adopting desperate measures. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; love of pleasure, coupled with fear of consequences, seems to have become the second. Can it be that the almost unbroken silence of pulpit and press is encouraging these things which degrade even that holiest instinct, the love of a mother for her young, and permits to be dulled if not eliminated by a love of pleasure and social achievements the best part of our nature! Of course men are more to blame than women. The modern man seems to be so lacking in high and spiritual characteristics that could he seize upon an angel he would drag her down to earth.

DON.

Social and Personal.

As was anticipated, the *soiree dansante* given by the French Club in the Art Gallery last Tuesday evening, was in every respect a charming success. When, after an impromptu *valse*, the opening lancers were formed, one hundred and fifty happy faces smiled at their *vis-a-vis*, and from that time until after one o'clock the evening was thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Alfred Denison received the guests as they were announced and Mr. Hill and Mr. Denison arranged the opening lancers. The programme of dances was broken by several songs by Miss Snarr and Dr. Crawford Scadding. Supper was served during the evening by Webb's trained attendants and two picturesque little maids in Normandy caps waited on the ladies in the tiring-room. A pleasant episode was the presentation to M. George Coutellier of a dainty gold-headed cane. Mrs. Denison was requested to make the presentation, which she did in a humorous little speech, recounting M. Coutellier's various sins against the traditions of Owidom, and gracefully bestowing the sacred punishment of caning upon the conscious professor. M. Coutellier acknowledged the reception of the gift from the Owls in his best English, which never fails to evoke hilarious applause. The gentlemen of the club then presented their secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Grace E. Denison, with a chaste and elegant silver plume, with gold nib. Mr. Forster made the presentation in a very poetical speech, referring to the arduous secretarial duties so well discharged having suggested the thought of a pen to replace the well worn one as an appropriate gift. The pen was the most potent instrument in this century of potent forces. This one had the shaft of silver and the pen of gold. The symbolism of gold being wisdom and of silver beauty, suggests that thoughts of wisdom be written in lines of beauty. This feather, being plucked, not from the wing of a sober and dull-minded owl, but from that of a dove, of all feathers the airiest, typifies a spirit that is tireless, a nature pure and exalted, a heart true and generous; and a still higher significance, as the emblem of inspiration, is given it by the Leader of the Christian faith. Mr. Hill followed Mr. Forster with a prettily illuminated address in French, and the secretary, though rather embarrassed by the unlooked for kindness, responded in a few words. The club are to be congratulated on their capability as hosts and hostesses and their friends who were fortunate in being bidden to their final reunion will look forward with pleasure to a possible repetition of it next season.

*

A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Richardson, Mr. Walter Stewart, Mrs. R F. Piper, the Misses Millichamp, Bertram, Duncan, Adams, White, Elsie Darling, Paterson, Ruthven, Jenkins, Carswell, Peniston, Woods, Hessin, Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. and Miss Downes, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mr. Gross of Whitby, Mrs. Carswell of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Drs. Lehman, Thistle, Scadding, Foster, Moore, Caven, Graham, Mr. Riddle, Messrs. Widdowson, Wilkinson, Horrocks, Sproule, Holdenby, Masten, Martin, Ramage, Kerr, Millichamp, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. and Miss Aikens, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mrs. Symons, the Misses Trounce, and thirty members of the club.

*

Mr. A. F. Webster, steamship agent, reports the following Torontonians booked for Europe this week: Messrs. Ben Westwood, John D. Ivey, Charles Sturdy, Harry Stokes, Walter Bailey, George Weston, Richard Weston, Walter Stark, A. C. Sexton, George Moffatt, Arthur Melville, George H. Melville, Mesdames Sturdy, Gerrard, Stark and four children, Moffatt and six children, Miss Sturdy and Miss Tidby.

*

Lord Stanley of Preston and party have engaged a box for the races at the Woodbine on Monday. Parties from Hamilton and neighboring cities will swell the list of fashionables who always grace this event.

*

Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr is at present staying with her daughter, Mrs. von Szeliski of Homewood avenue.

*

Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. J. D. Maclennan and Miss G. Harkness Yorke, which is to take place on Saturday, June 6 at Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland. Several of Mr. Maclennan's friends are journeying over to participate in the happy event.

*

Miss Hall of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Manning of Queen's Park.

*

Mrs. Williams has lately returned from England on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Heward of Peter street.

*

On Tuesday last Miss Parsons of Grange avenue gave a small tea. Among a few of those present were Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Yarker, Seymour and Todd, Mr. George Evans and Mr. J. D. Maclennan.

*

Upper Canada College games brought out a goodly crowd of nice people to stand on the terrace and stroll on the green lawn. Mrs. Beverley Robinson was there to present the prizes, and the Hon. J. B., without whose genial presence no college boy would think the day complete, stood reminiscently contemplating the sport. I noticed in the little group beside these two friends of the college, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Dickson. The day was delightful, the ladies' spring costumes becoming, and the boys and their friends exceedingly boyish and hilarious. Other guests on the terrace and in carriages were: Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Fred Denison, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mrs. and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Boultbee, Mrs. John Ross Robertson, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Small, Miss Cassels, Miss Henderson, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Richardson, Hon. G. W. Ross, Prof. Loudon, Capt. Denison, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Scadding, Dr. Davidson, Prof. Hirschfelder, Messrs. D. P. Ridout, Percival Ridout, A. Sutherland, Joseph Henderson, Alfred Gooderham, James, T. C. L. Armstrong, Donald Armour, Frederick Pardee, A. Campbell Darrell, William McKay, Isaac Carling.

*

The Artists' reception on Monday evening was very crowded and unless one came very early or stayed very late it was impossible to see the pictures with any degree of satisfaction; but one saw one's acquaintances, and the hum of hundreds of happy voices sounded on the flower-scented air. Those who expected to have room and leisure at the French Club dance on Tuesday to enjoy and criticize the paintings stood aloof and chatted, and at a rather early hour the National Anthem frightened us all home. I shall not dare to say which picture I liked best, as I have been warned by the art critic of this paper that my artistic culture is below par.

*

Miss McCreath of Ayr, Scotland, is the guest of Mrs. A. Smith of Jarvis street.

*

Mr. Harold Jarvis has been away for several days fulfilling engagements for concerts. Wherever Mr. Jarvis has sung his audience have expressed their pleasure in a most flattering manner.

*

Mr. and Mrs. William Macdonald of Wellesley street will spend the summer at Roaches Point.

*

Miss Susie Ellis is packing up for a trip through Europe.

*

St. John's church, Port Hope, was the scene of a joyous event on Tuesday morning, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Ethel Benson, eldest daughter of his Honor Judge Benson, of that town, to Mr. Edward F. Blake, second son of Hon. Edward Blake, of Toronto. The esteem in which the fair bride was regarded by old and young was fittingly expressed by the large number of citizens who assembled at St. John's church to do her honor on her wedding morn, and by the beautiful floral decorations with which willing fingers had adorned the church.

*

The bride, accompanied by her father and followed by her bridesmaids, her sisters, Miss Emilie Benson and Miss Jessie Benson, entered the church promptly at the time appointed. On their entrance the choir sang a hymn. The bridal party proceeded to the steps of the chancel where they were met by the bridegroom, who was attended by his brother, Mr. S. V. Blake, and the officiating clergymen, Rev. Wm. Jones, uncle of the bride, and Rev. Edwin Daniel, rector of St. John's. The impressive and beautiful marriage ceremony of the Episcopal church was then proceeded with, after which the happy couple left the church amid the ringing of the joy bells, and with the guests adjourned to the handsome residence of the bride's father, Dorset street, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. The bride and groom departed on the eleven o'clock express for Montreal on their way to Europe, and will spend the summer in continental travels.

*

Among the guests present we noticed: Judge and Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Edward Blake, parents of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. S. V. Blake, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wrong, Mrs. S. H. and Miss Blake, Col. Fred., Mr. R. A. and Miss Benson, Miss Ethel Whyte, Mrs. Heinneman, Miss Burrows, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. and Miss McCaul, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mrs. T. R. and the Misses Fuller, Miss Wilkie, Miss Maude Yarker, Mrs. Armour, Miss Cooper, Mrs. and Miss Fraser, Miss Shaw, Miss Marmion, Mr. and Mrs. Lauder, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, Mrs. G. C. Ward, Mrs. Read, Miss Chisholm, Miss Evans, Mrs. C. W. and the Misses Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Williams, Mr. C. B. Cronyn, Rev. Wm. Jones, Mr. A. J. C. Galletly, Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. J. Daintry, Mr. J. G. Williams and Mr. H. A. Ward.

*

The costumes of the ladies were elegant and appropriate to the occasion. The bride wore a fawn colored traveling dress and looked very charming and very happy. The bridesmaids were also prettily dressed and acquitted themselves gracefully. Many exquisite presents were fittingly bestowed on the young lady, whose winning disposition has endeared her to all who have had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The only disappointment in connection with the event was the unavoidable absence of the groom's father, who is at present in British Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. Blake have the most sincere wishes of the people of Port Hope for a happy future.

*

Mr. R. G. W. Conolly, manager of the Bank of Commerce, Dunnville, and Mrs. Conolly, are visiting Mrs. Kenneth Stewart of Brunswick avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Conolly have driven from Dunnville to Toronto, stopping over at Guelph. A horsey friend tells me that the manager's bit of horseflesh makes one sure that her driver has inherited his grandfather's (the late Sheriff Grange of Guelph) knowingness in matters equine.

*

The Bishop of Algoma is recovering from the effects of the bad shaking up he suffered in the late railway accident on the C. P. R.

*

Mr. Jack Massey is away on a fishing tour.

*

The French Club returns sincere thanks to Miss Alice Tait, Miss Maud Snarr and Dr. Crawford Scadding for the charming selections they contributed to the programme on Tuesday evening.

*

Mr. Charles Catto leaves for a tour on the Continent next Thursday. He will meet Miss Catto in Dresden, where she has been studying, and bring her home in the fall.

*

Next Thursday, under the direction of Capt. Greville Harston, will be held a concert in the Pavilion, in aid of St. Anne's church. A large attendance of society people will no doubt greet the very excellent programme which is being prepared.

*

Mrs. Frances Doyle and family have removed to 54 St. George street.

*

The Toronto Athletic Club held a general meeting a few evenings ago. The by-laws brought up were adopted and the clauses referring to lady associate members were carried with applause. Hon. J. B. Robinson is president, Dr. Larratt Smith and Mr. C. H. Nelson, 1st and 2nd vice-presidents, and Capt. Greville Harston, secretary.

*

I have received an invitation to the annual meeting of the Protestant Orphans' Home, on Dovercourt road, on June 2, at 3:30 p.m. The annual assembling of the directors and the outside public who are interested in this noble charity is an affair which both socially and charitably is full of interest.

*

Last Friday evening, the members of the J. K. S. Society held their closing At Home at the residence of their president, Miss Edith Lelean, 347 Dovercourt road. A choice programme of music, essays, speeches, etc, was rendered and refreshments were served. An interesting event was the presentation to Miss Harvey on her retirement from the society, of the works of George Eliot. Mr. R. W. Dillon acted as master of the ceremonies.

*

Miss Hill, who has so successfully conducted parties on the grand tour of the continent for several years past, is now arranging a summer tour which promises to be more interesting even than the very charming routes she has before followed. I hear there are one or two vacancies still in her list, and would like to tell my readers of this irresponsible and enjoyable way of doing Europe.

Paris Kid Glove Store

Felice Paris

JUST ARRIVED

4-Bt. Swede Gloves

In all the newest shades.

Mosquitaire Swede Gloves

Pearl Grey, Heliotrope, Buttercup and New Mode shades.

GLACE GLOVES, for Ladies and Misses

Special Lines in Gentlemen's Gloves for Riding and Walking

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

PEOPLE who have not tried the New Scale Dominion Piano can form no idea of the beauty of tone of this instrument.

There has positively been no piano ever produced in Canada comparable with it.

The action is responsive and light—the tone free and liquid—possessing that rare singing quality found only in one or two of the foremost pianos of the world.

Piano buyers everywhere will do well to call on us or write us regarding these beautiful pianos.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

DON'T BE

BILIOUS

IT MAKES YOU CROSS

Black Pills for Bilious People

TO BE HAD AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

TAKE THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD

SS. LINE

FOR EUROPE

S.S. AURANIA, MAY 23

W. A. GEDDES - - Agent

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

Netherlands Line

Wednesdays and Saturdays from New York

Paris 3½ hours from Boulogne. Cologne, Berlin, &c, from Rotterdam.

THE RHINE ROUTE

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE

Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.

Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Immediate application is absolutely necessary in order to obtain berths on East-bound and West-bound passages during the traveling season.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

DRESDEN

MISS JOYCE receives into her house young ladies wishing to study Languages, Music or Painting. German lady resident. House beautifully situated.

References—Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., 31 St. James's Place, London; Rev. Dr. Little, Boston, U. S. A.

Terms $50 per Month.

Address— Richenbach Strasse, 11, DRESDEN, GERMANY.

Bain's Ten Dollar Box of Stationery

CONTAINS

ONE REAM BEST QUALITY OF PAPER AND SQUARE

ENVELOPES

All Stamped in Color, with Crest, Monogram or Address

NO CHARGE FOR ENGRAVING STEEL DIE

JAMES BAIN & SON, Society Stationers

39 King Street East, Toronto

Between You and Me.

"NO; I never could do that. My nerves wouldn't stand it," said a friend to me. "I shouldn't mind doing twice as much work, but I couldn't bear to be driven to do it in that length of time." And I know that she was right to realize that it isn't the work but the worry that kills. I love hard work as much as I hate half-hearted labor, but I know there comes a time with me and with everyone when the work they do is their master, a cruel, relentless, tormenting slave driver who only releases his victim when he sees him lying prone and helpless under the undue strain. It isn't always the victim's own fault, it isn't always because one knowingly or unknowingly undertakes too much, but because unforeseen circumstances crowd upon the ample hours and steal them one by one, leaving only the hurrying mocking minutes behind.

•

We do not need so much long leisure hours for new thought as ample time to express the thoughts we already have; not so much time for study as opportunity to quietly develop what we know. The article dashed off at fever heat with nervous upstrokes and erratically slanted downstrokes, with one eye on the clock and the other on the paper, may be just as good for the reader but it's hard on the writer. In this age of hurry and post cards and telephones one longs for some calm, deliberate, slowly inscribed and leisurely essay instead of the feverish leaflets and jottings that flit before our eyes and are straightway forgotten.

•

I think a good many hurried people are like my top bureau drawer! Into that drawer the most incongruous lot of things gradually find their way—ribbons, gloves, laces, collars, button-hooks, hand glasses, letters and a score more. And some day when it rains and I have time I pull out that drawer and upset it on the bed and sort and fold and reclaim and reject until order comes in place of chaos, and I am so comfortable for a month or so. And I think it would be lovely if, in the day by day hurry of this tangled way of life, we could just take a rainy day and tumble out the conglomeration of facts and fancies and opinions and beliefs in our overcrowded brains, and sort out the good and give the bad and the worn and the spoiled and the useless to the ragman as I do the superfluous trash in my top bureau drawer!

•

One of my correspondents has written to me asking me to tell her how to make a carryall. She says she read in a book of travels that a lady went all over Europe with her belongings in such a receptacle, and she doesn't believe it, but would like a carryall for "occasional wear."

•

For reasons not necessary to specify, I can assure my fair friend of the authenticity of the traveller's tale she doubts and that she can rely upon the capacity of the carryall to hold a moderate outfit, if she constructs it after this pattern (the carryall, not the outfit!):

•

Get about three and a half yards of parti colored striped skirt material with a sateen finish. From one end of it cut for the ends of the carryall two circles as large as a dinner plate; square the end of the strip of skirting and sew it to the two circles, one on each border of selvedge until a sort of bolster is formed, open nearly all its length in one long slit. Bind over the edge of the circular seam with braid and continue the binding down the selvedge sides of the long strip and across the loose end, which should first be hemmed about six inches deep. This hem, divided lengthwise by a row of stitching, is for parasol and umbrella pockets and should be open and bound separately at one end. Little button holes for the umbrella and parasol ferules is good as it lets the umbrella go snugly and farther in. Now bind the raw edge of the bolster slit, after joining it to the strip for a few inches from the edge of the circle, otherwise some small articles might slip out; then put two buttons on the proper place to meet buttonholes worked in the open edge of the bolster. Four pockets should be sewn on the slips just past the buttons for two pairs of shoes, make them open to the center, that the shoes may not by any possibility slip out. I manage to steal in a narrow little pocket, running at right angles to these and between them, for my brush and comb. The strip of material should now be long enough to strap completely round the filled bolster, and a row of buttonholes in the under side of the umbrella pocket should button on to a row of buttons placed on the strip. A rather large shawl strap and a leather luggage label are the finish, and one can have large plain initials worked just below the hem, which add greatly to the look of the carryall. To make a smaller one, take a little smaller circle for the ends. It weighs nothing, crushes nothing and for continental travel is a blessing.

•

The royal authoresses, Queens Victoria of England and Elizabeth of Roumania, have been enjoying the following exchange of hostilities. In return for politeness received by Carmen Sylvia on her last year's visit to England, she presented Our Imperial Lady with a gorgeously painted and illuminated vellum copy of her royal effusions. Carmen Sylvia wrote the poems with her own fair hand on the difficult vellum pages but the gallant septuagenarian of England went her one better, unloading not only two volumes of that thrilling narrative The Highland Journal (where wasps' nests and auld wives and story and sketches jumble themselves together) on the literary Roumanian, but clinching the retort courteous by a Life of the Prince Consort. For less than this have nations gone to war with one another!

•

One comes across many extravagances committed by fond and foolish parents in regard to the management of and providing for the wee king or queen of the pap-boat, but seldom anything so "previous" as the Russian Grand Duke's order of sixty-four pairs of shoes for his ten month old girl. Were they all baby boots or did they come in graduated sizes, making no allowance for the possible thickness or thinness or breadth or height of the maiden's toes and instep? Had the tender little feet got to break in all those sixty-four pairs in one short year, or was the torture extended over two or three or more? If I had corns they would ache at the various thoughts suggested by those very numerous shoes.

•

I came across a new out-of-door amusement in a trans-atlantic sheet a few days ago. It was a series of races held between quadrupeds and bipeds. In the former class the prize was won by an Alderney calf, two goats making a good second and third. The victorious biped was a black duck who beat three peacocks, a turkey and several geese and guinea fowl. The races were held under the enthusiastic patronage of a marquis, an earl and countess, a viscount and viscountess and a group of other big wigs. The perusal of this item brought back to me a runny memory of Capt. Lucy, in the pretty play of Bootles Baby, as he and his wild fellow officers appeared in company with the victorious rooster who won the championship in the Barrack races. But the eccentric ways of passing away the tedious hours of an officer's ample leisure, which are excused and understood, seem little short of imbecility among an assemblage of presumably cultured and well-bred gentlefolk.

•

I came across a comical little piece of human nature at the Artists' opening last Monday night. Two ladies came face to face with a picture, that sort of a picture which fills me with a wild longing—to take out my hatpin and jab holes all over it. Said one with involuntary artistic horror, "Isn't that a fright!" Her alert companion gave her a cruel pinch that made her sentence of censure end in a gasp and said very distinctly, "Yes, indeed, but look at this, (indicating the "fright") "I am sure I know that style, yes, here it is in the catalogue Mr.—— I thought so. How original and wonderful his treatment is, quite a revelation." And as I gazed at her in mild reproof and dissent, I saw behind her a man who stood a moment as if in reverie and then sidled complacently away. And I caught her eye and we both looked after him, and then all looked at each other—we three, and I began to laugh, for it was very funny. And I don't know who she was, nor who the man was, but I think he must have been guilty of that picture, don't you!

•

I wish some of our Artists would stop painting glaciers and old men and paris green landscapes and largeheaded children, and do us just one lovely thoughtful figure, a big one, with flesh real enough to pinch, and eyes with life in them, and properly modelled limbs and hair that didn't suggest bears' grease! I wish they would, but I know they won't. And they huddle all their figures up with clothes until they look like Judys and Simons outside clothing shops. Why are they so afraid of a pink naked limb and a round dimpled shoulder? I know one picture of which I heard the name before I saw it and of which I formed my happy idea, and when I came face to face with the reality its ugly, sordid, commonplace flatness made me so cross that I am not good-natured yet. For I would rather have my best clothes ruined by a careless driver on a muddy day, or my best dinner burned by a stupid cook, or my dearest manuscript rejected by an unappreciative publisher than lose the dream of a beautiful possibility in a reality of uncompromising ugliness.

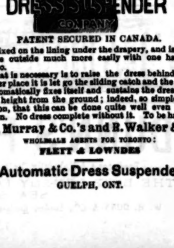
•

I saw and heard a pretty thing, just in the busiest part of King street one day this week. It began with the glimpse of a bright, clever face, between hurrying hats and bonnets whose owners were tramping lunchward, and then came the pressure of a firm, clinging hand, and the eager voice of my girl friend: "Oh, I am glad to meet you!" for we have not seen each other in many months, that bright-eyed girl and I; and to my friendly questionings she gave rapid answers and tellings of her wanderings, of her brief visit to Toronto and then she paused, and I asked: "And after your visit here, where are you going!" And into the bright eyes there came a joy, and a hope, and a triumph that did not need any words to tell me, who have "been there myself," and the lashes fell a moment as the girl-voice said, gently: "And then, dear, to a home of my own." God bless her, my hoping, planning, proud little maiden! And may she never lose the hope and the pride that glorified her face as she told of her love-lit future. LADY GAY.

Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

S. TIDY & SON
THE FLORISTS
164 Yonge Street - Toronto
Tel. — Greenhouses, 3057; Store, 2089



PATENT SECURED IN CANADA.
It is fixed on the lining under the drapery, and is worked from the outside much more easily with one hand than with two.
All that is necessary is to raise the dress behind, and at whatever place it is let go the sliding catch and the suspender automatically fixes itself and suitably the dress at any desired height from the ground; indeed, so simple is it in operation, that this can be done quite well even with an ulster on. No dress complete without it. To be had at
W. A. Murray & Co.'s and R. Walker & Sons
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR TORONTO:
FLETT & LOWNDES
The Automatic Dress Suspender Co.
GUELPH, ONT.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

NEVER before, perhaps, have Jackets and mantles of a former season been so thoroughly discarded as this year. The change in styles has been such that woman-kind don't see how they can manage at all with the jacket of a year ago. After all, there's no need of it. You get a jacket in the newest style, puff sleeves, roller collar, silk facings and all the latest touches for $5—at this store.

Ladies' Reefer Jackets, handsome, from $4.25.
Children's Reefers, starting at $1 75.

At every turn your eyes catch cloth capes. Very fashionable—natty for young people. In fawns and popular grays they're exceedingly pretty.

Cloth Capes, $2. $2 50.
Cloth Capes, $3.25, $4.
Cloth Capes, $4 50 $5.50.

Near of kin to cloth capes are jet shoulder capes. The older folk like them, and on such they're quite becoming. All beaded goods. A line in the newest grenat shade is tasty.

Jet Capes, beaded, 75c.
Jet Capes, beaded, $1.
Jet Capes, beaded, $1 50.
Jet Capes, beaded, $2.50.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Babies and Children
We make a specialty of photographing small children and babies. A trial will convince you that we excel in that line.
J. C. WALKER & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Studio—Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets

WE WILL FILL YOUR larder WITH
Delicious Prepared Meats, Soups
VEGETABLES, FRUITS, Etc., Etc.,
FOR
Yachting, Camping, Fishing, or Picnic Parties.
The G. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.
244 Yonge St., 2 Louisa St.
Telephone 1850 Toronto

ALL THE RAGE
KNIFE PLAITINGS for ladies' dresses done while you wait. PARISIAN PLAITED Skirts and Capes a specialty.
L. A. STACKHOUSE
437 Yonge Street, Toronto

Armson & Stone.
Black Dress Goods
And Materials for Mourning Outfits.
Henrie'tas, Serges, Light Llama, Delaines and other Choice Materials
Special numbers just arrived in low priced black goods. Every facility for speedy and satisfactory execution of mourning outfits.
212 YONGE STREET

WHITE CHINA FOR DECORATING
New Glassware
Dresden China Shells and Baskets
The latest Table Decorations.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
109 King St. West - - Toronto

50
50 Just to Hand 50
50
Solid Silver Stem Winding and Setting
WATCHES
TO BE SOLD
AT $5 EACH
These watches are fully warranted, have jeweled movements, will keep correct time, and are undoubtedly the best value ever placed before the Canadian public. Sent by express to out of town customers, subject to approval.
DAVIS BROS., 130 Yonge St.

Grenadiers! Harmony Club! Iolanthe!

ATTENTION!

Nothing elicited greater approval in the recent production of Iolanthe than Mrs. Mackelcan's (The Fairy Queen) sweet rendering of the following verse of the song "Fairy Queen," viz.:

"On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the HOSE
OF COMMON SENSE."

The "Hose of Common Sense" referred to is the "Kink Proof" wire wound Garden hose, manufactured solely by the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Co. of Toronto, and sold at the

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

HAIR GOODS
LATEST STYLES IN
SPRING FRONTPIECES AND BANGS

A most convenient article for ladies to wear during the hot season, for going across the ocean, for traveling or seaside. Saves trouble and time, and decidedly improves appearance.
Ladies should not fail to procure one of these natural, curly, light and handsome little Fronts.
Prices are from $3, $4, $5, $6 to $10, according to size and styles.
Specialty in Long Hair Switches, wavy or straight; no stamps inside for dressing the hair low, from $2 to $25, according to length and quality. *Also separate hair brushes* for dressing the hair in coils.
LADIES—Hair Dressing for Soirees, Concerts, Photos, etc., Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, at store or at ladies' own residences.
TELEPHONE No. 2498
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR successfully removed with CAPILLERINE and the growth destroyed by following the treatment with CAPILLERINE. Price $1.50; sent by post, securely sealed, $1.55, to any part of Canada.
TRANCLE-ARMAND, Coiffeur-Parfumeur
467 Yonge St. 467, Toronto, Ont., Can.

DORENWEND'S
Is the Leading House for
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest Room in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Rooms on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St.
Send for circular.

DENSOLINE
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT
- USE -
Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion
Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MANUFACTURED BY
AMERICAN OIL CO.
29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
Small samples can be obtained free of charge by applying at office.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Upright and Square
PIANOFORTES
TORONTO 107-109 Church Street. | MONTREAL 2344 St. Catharines Street.
OTTAWA 68 Bank Street.
Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

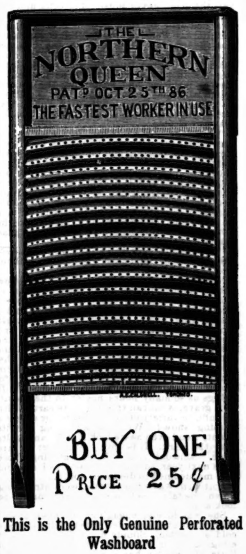
German French Spanish
THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL
OF MODERN LANGUAGES
NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS
TORONTO: Canada Life Building. | MONTREAL: Nordheimer Block, 207 St James St.
DIFFERENT BRANCHES:
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. | Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.
Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING.

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." 369 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 29, 1891 (15 days allowed after May 29 for letters to reach us from distant points). Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
CROMPTON CORSET CO.

THE BEST



This is the Only Genuine Perforated Washboard
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS
MANUFACTURED BY
Taylor, Scott & Co.
TORONTO

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
OF
Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Baseball, Football, Lacrosse, Bowls, Archery, Croquet, etc., etc.,
AND ALL OTHER OUTDOOR SPORTS AND GAMES
TO
P. C. ALLAN
35 King Street West, Toronto
Finest Assortment and Lowest Prices in Canada.

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"SOME LITTLE SOUND OF UNREGARDED TEARS."

The farewell festival had been arranged by Justin Jermyn with especial care. He had secured the Jersey Lily, the yacht for which Gerard had hankered. Her owner, a rich commercial man, was tired of his plaything and was glad to sell it to a purchaser who did not drive a hard bargain. The yacht was in full working order and Gerard's first cruise was to be this water picnic. For music Mr. Jermyn was no longer content with itinerant Neapolitanas. He had engaged some of the best performers at the famous concerts in the Casino. But his greatest success was with the floral decorations. In these he had surpassed himself, while he had ransacked the Algerian shops on the hill for Oriental fabrics, gay with gold and color and glittering with bits of looking-glass to drape cabins and poop.

The weather was delicious, the April summer of the south, weather that would make even the dull flats of Essex or Norfolk enchanting, but which over their land breathes an intoxicating influence, giving to age the gladness of youth, to weakness the pride of strength.

Lunch was over, and the yacht was lying to in the roadstead of Antibes. Some of the more enterprising of the party had been rowed ashore, and had set out on a pilgrimage to the church on the height—the church with its curious votive pictures, showing the Madonna's merciful interposition in all the perils of life, from a headlong fall out of a garret window to the overturning of a bicycle. Less active and exploring spirits were content to loll upon the deck, where low chairs and luxurious cushions invited slumberous ease. Fans were waving languidly in the golden light of the noon, as if in time to the languid movement of the sails fanned by the western wind. On one side stretched the long level sea front of Nice, with its line of white house fronts glittering in the sun, far off to the jutting rock crowned with the lights, houses, and that jutting church which shuts off the eastern sky towards Villefranche and St. Jean and the promontory round which they had sailed merrily two hours ago.

Gerard was in high spirits. He wanted to drain this cup of casual pleasures to the dregs. He wanted to steep himself in the loveliness of a coast which he might never look upon again. It was bliss only to stand upon the deck as the yacht lay at anchor and gaze upon that noble range of hills, with varied lights and shadows flitting across them, and that fair subtropical Eden in the middle distance where the sapphire sea kissed the lovely wave shore in all its glory of aloes and palms, orange groves and gray-green olive wood, with here and there white walls and pinnacles gleaming amidst the green; enough of bliss only to breathe such an atmosphere and feel the inexpressible beauty of earth.

"Happy you look to-day," said Lottchen, watching the giver of the feast, as he leaned against the taffrail, and looked dreamily across the harbor to the rugged hill crowned with the old world city of Venice.

They two were alone in the bow, while the rest of the party were congregated in a joyous group in the stern, whence there came at intervals the deep, grave music of a 'cello and the plaintive singing sound of a violin in a reverie or a nocturne by Chopin, or one of Chopin's imitators. Pensive music, light laughter, floated towards these two on the summer wind. Yet German girl had followed her lord when he withdrew from the merry band, leaving the inexhaustible Jermyn as its central figure, inspiring and sustaining the merriment with that joyous laugh of his. Lottchen had stolen after Gerard uninvited, but he was not so ungallant as to let her suppose that she was unwelcome.

"Yes," he said, "happy, but with only a sensuous happiness—the happiness of a well-cared for cat basking amidst the warm sun; happiness which vanishes at the first touch of thought. I am basking in the beauty of my Mother Earth, and I think at all my only thought is that it would be sweet to live forever—soulless, mindless, immortal—amidst such scenes as these; to live as the olives live on the slope of yonder hill, breathing the sweetness of this balmy air, feeling the glad warmth of this bounteous sun."

"It would be very dull after a week or two," said Lottchen, "and then what is life without love?"

"Life is much more than love. See how utterly happy children are in the enjoyment of the universe and they know nothing of love—or at least of the passion to which you attach that name. To my fancy, this world would be perfect if we could be immortal and always children. That is the world of the elder Gods. The Deities of the rivers and the mountains, water-nymphs and wood-nymphs, what were they all but grown-up children, drunken with the sweetness and glory of life. But for us poor worms, whose every day of life brings us so many hours nearer to the inevitable grave, what can this sweet earth, with its infinite variety of loveliness, be for us but a passing show! We look and long for its beauty; and even as we look it fades and melts into the dark. It is lovely still, but we are gone. Someone else will be watching those hills next year, someone as young as I am and fond as I am, doomed to die in his youth."

Lottchen was silent—tears were streaming down the fair cheek when Gerard turned to look at her.

She was lovely, engaging, sentimental—all that might charm a lover, but she left his heart cold as marble. Simply dressed in some soft clinging fabric of purest white, and with a little white sailor hat perched on the artistic fluffiness of her flaxen hair, she looked the image of girlish innocence, unspotted by the world. A man might easily forget all her history in such a moment as this, seeing the tears streaming from the large lucid eyes, the tender lips tremulous with emotion.

"Do not waste your tears or your sympathy upon me, Fraulein," he said, gently; "weep only for the dying who do not grieve for themselves. I am a lump of selfishness, and am consumed by regret for my own doom."

"You might live longer, perhaps, if you were more careful of yourself," she said.

"There is no care that I would not take to live. It is only because I know the case is hopeless that I have given myself up. There is nothing left for me but concentrated pleasures. There ought to be a melted pearl in every glass of wine I drink. And you have given me your pity—and pity from you has been sweet."

"Pity!" she echoed, with a deep sigh. "Well, call it pity, if you like."

He took a little velvet case from his pocket, and opened it in the sunlight. It seemed in that first flash of vivid light as if he had opened a box of sunshine more brilliant than those rays that danced upon the water and turned the mountain clay into gold. The sunlight flashed back from the diamond circlet with rainbow glory, rose and emerald, violet, orange, blue.

"These diamonds are for your tears, Fraulein. Will you wear them now and then as a souvenir of a dying man?"

She held out her arm as he unclasped the diamond circlet. It was a lovely arm, fair as alabaster, exquisitely modelled, dazzling to look upon as the soft white fabric fell away from it, and arm and wrist and tapering hand lay there, beautiful in the sunshine. There were those among Mlle. Charlotte's admirers who declared that her arm and hand were her crowning beauty, and nearer the perfection of Greek sculpture than any other hand and arm in Paris.

Gerard clasped the diamond loop upon the slender wrist, as it lay in languid grace upon the gunwale—clasped it without a word, and waited with calm indifference for the gush of profuse and duplicate which usually greets such gifts: but Lottchen's lips were speechless. She let her wrist lie for a minute or so without the bracelet, and lightly touched it as he clasped the bracelet, and then with an inarticulate cry of grief or rage she tore the snap asunder, and flung the flashing circlet into the sea.

"Do you think I care anything for your diamonds, when you care nothing for me?" she cried, and then ran away to the flower-bedecked cabin, which had been made into a miniature zenana for Jermyn's bevy of sultanas, and emerged therefrom no more till the boat returned to Monte Carlo in the moonlight, minus Gerard Hillersdon, who landed at Antibes, in order to be in time for the express, which left Nice before sundown.

That little outbreak of Lottchen's touched him more than her beauty or her tears. "Queen Guinevere in little," he said to himself, as he looked after the retreating figure. "I suppose women are alike all the world over. Dick Steele best described the sex when he called woman 'a beautiful romantic animal.' There is a spice of romance in them all—even in the most experienced cocotte in Paris. Poor Lottchen!"

He saw her no more, for she was not among those who crowded to the side of the yacht to see him get into the dingby. Her fair head was not among those which waved him farewell as the rowboat moved swiftly towards the shore.

"A riverderví next week at Florence," cried Jermyn; and from the quay where he landed Gerard looked back and saw the fate-reader's lissom figure sharply defined against the sky as he stood on a raised portion of the deck, with the syrens grouped about him.

. . . . . .

It was in the sunset that Gerard bade farewell to the western coast, and set his face towards Genoa. Never can that most lovely shore look lovelier than just at that season of the year—that hour at that hour of dying day. Over all the hills there lay the reflected flush from that crimson glory yonder behind the Esterelles; over all the gardens with their rich purple-red bloom of Bougainvilliers, their luxury of roses white and yellow, there hung the glamor of sunset; and over all the eastern sky spread an opaline splendor flecked with little rosy cloudlets, which looked like winged creatures full of exultant life, high up in that enchanted heaven. By every form of bay and inlet, by every delicate and gracious curve that the seashore can make, by rosy rock and shadowy olive wood, by every entrancing change from light to color and from color to light, the train sped onwards to the darkness of fortress-bound Ventimiglia, where there was nearly half an hour's weariness and confusion, while Mr. Hillersdon's servant did battle with the Custom House officers and transported his master and his master's baggage to the Italian train. Then came a restless endeavor to slumber, more fatiguing than absolute wakefulness, and finally Genoa and Genoa where the traveller rested for a night.

He was in Florence on the following afternoon and the first Italian town that city inspired him with a feeling that he had left summer behind him. Some there are to whom the western riviera is the supreme perfection of Italian landscape, and to whom all other spots seem cold and wanting in color as compared with that rich loveliness. Some there are who think that the chief glory of Italy is waning when they have turned their back upon the Mediterranean, and that all that history, legend and the fine arts can yield of interest and beauty is tame and cold compared with the magic of that sapphire sea, the romantic variety of those rugged hills which look down upon it.

Gerard, walking on the Lungarno of a gray march afternoon—March as chill and windy as he had seen it in Piccadilly—felt that a glamor had gone out of his life and a warmth had left his veins. How dull the houses looked on his right hand, painted in doubt, all that the sun of a northern architect could desire; but are there not palatial houses in Piccadilly and the Kensington road? How gray the river, rushing over its weirs; how cold the coloring of the stone bridge; how bleak the snow line of the Appenines. Tired as he was after the long journey from Genoa, he had preferred to walk to his destination, leaving servant and luggage to be driven to the Hotel de la Ville, where his rooms had been engaged for him.

He had given Mrs. Champion no notice of his arrival. He wanted to take her by surprise, to see in her face that he had lost nothing of the love which was a year ago in Piccadilly—felt that his caprice—had given all that was warmest and best in his nature to another woman; and now he wanted to take up the thread of life where he had dropped it a year ago, when he had taken Hester Davenport across St. James' Park, and felt the swift, sudden influence of love at first sight. He wanted to love again, in the old, reasonable, sober fashion; he wanted again to feel the mildly sentimental attachment which had sustained his interest in Edith Champion during the three years of her wedded life.

Her house was on one side of the hill leading to San Miniato—a villa in a delicious garden, where the standard magnolias had already opened their perfume-breathing chalices, and where broad beds of flame-colored tulips relieved the velvet monotony of the lawn, while a tall hedge of pink peonies shivered in the early March wind, that cutting Italian wind which has not been ill-described as an east wind blowing from the west.

It was a long walk from the station to that verdure-clothed hill on the southern side of the river, and Gerard was very weary when he arrived at the Villa Bel Vino, which overlooked the Boboli Gardens, and also the glory of Cupola and Campanile, far away to those fair hills northward of the city. On a sunny day the prospect would have cheered him with its beauty; but under this cold, gray British sky the dome and tower lost something of their soothing influence, and Gerard regretted the sun-baked slopes above Monaco, where he seemed to have left summer behind him.

The gate was open, and he saw a dozen or so of carriages waiting in the semi-circular drive, and the hall door was also open, while a chattering throng of servants, with a dozen more on the broad flight of marble steps, and looked with supercilious gaze upon the opposite hills. Gerard passed into the house uninterrupted, and found himself in a spacious hall, from which several doors opened. The light was dim, the atmosphere warm with the friendly glow of an olive wood fire, and beyond, through half open doors, he heard the subdued murmurings of voices, mostly feminine, which suddenly dropped into silence as he announced, silence broken by the flowing phrases of a symphony, and then by a fine baritone attacking the fashionable lament—Vorrei morir. A major-domo, tall, handsome and Tuscan, stood near the lofty folding doors ready to announce visitors and looked interrogatively at Mr. Hillersdon, who waited in silence till the end of the song.

Mrs. Champion was evidently receiving—it might be an afternoon party, or perhaps only her "day." Her later letters had told him of a few Florentine acquaintances, who dropped in occasionally to cheer her solitude, but he was unprepared for the crowd of well-dressed women and distinguished-looking men amidst whom he found himself when Tosti's pensive strain had died in a prolonged diminuendo and he allowed the major-domo to announce him.

The afternoon light shone full upon a window which occupied nearly one side of the spacious drawing-room, and in this light Gerard saw Edith Champion standing in a group of elegant women of various nationalities—herself the handsomest of all, like an empress among her ladies of honor. She wore deepest black, but the heavy folds of the rich corded silk suggested grandeur rather than gloom and the tulle coif, a la Marie Stuart, only gave a piquancy to the coronet of plaited hair, which rose above her low, broad brow.

She started at the sound of her lover's name and hurried to meet him.

"Welcome to Florence," she cried, gaily, "though there is no one in the world whom I less expected to see. Have you only just come?"

"I have been in Florence less than an hour."

Her hand was in his, her lips parted in a pleased smile, but as he came into the light of the wide window, he saw her expression change suddenly to a look of grieved surprise. He knew only too well what that look meant, though she gave no utterance to her thoughts. A year ago his friends frequently told him that he looked ill; but of late no one had told him so. He had only read in their faces the evil augury which they saw in his face.

"I have come upon a festive occasion," he said, glancing round at the crowd.

"Oh, it is only my afternoon at home. People are so sociable in Florence. I have more people than usual to-day, because I let my friends know that Signor Amaldi had promised to sing. May I introduce him to you? No doubt you heard of him in London the season before last. He makes a sensation wherever he goes."

She beckoned to a small gentleman with fiery black eyes and a large mustache, who lolled against the gally draped piano, the center of an admiring group, and the introduction was made.

Gerard knew enough Italian to compliment the singer in his own language without any grave offences against grammatical laws, and Signor Amaldi replied effusively, protesting that his musical gifts were poor things, mere wayside weeds, which he delighted to cast under the feet of the loveliest and most gracious of English ladies.

Anon the piano was taken prisoner by a cadaverous German, with tawny hair, as closely cropped as if he were a fugitive from Portland, and this gentleman discoursed Chopin for the next half hour, amidst general inattention. The two English footmen were handing tea and chocolate, the women were whispering together in corners, and from an adjoining room came the tinkling of silver and glass at a liberally supplied buffet, at which stood many of the guests had congregated. But still those Hungarian war cries, those funereal wailings, those wild harmonies wailed and crashed, sobbed and sighed from his half ridden piano, while the German played on for his own pleasure and contentment, flinging up head and hands now and then in a sudden rapture during a bar of silence, and then coming down upon the black notes like a bird of prey in a volley of minor chords that startled the chatterers at the buffet, the whisperers in the corners of the salon.

During this musical interlude Edith and Gerard had time for a confidential talk.

"I hardly expected to find you so gay," he said.

"Surely you don't call this gaiety, a little music and a few pleasant people who have taken pity upon my solitude, and forced their acquaintance upon me. Florence is a desert, since I know not a single soul. There is so little to do after one has exhausted the galleries, and taken the three or four excursions which are *de rigueur*. I shall be glad when spring have come, we can take all the old excursions together, bask in the sunshine at Fiesole, and buy perfumery and violets in the cloisters at the Certosa. I am so glad you have come."

"And yet you commanded me not to come until a year of mourning was ended. You refused to abate a single week."

"One is glad sometimes to have one's commands disobeyed. But tell me, what made you come. Why did you disobey?"

"Because my yearning for you was stronger than my obedience. I was utterly miserable, and I longed to see you."

"I am afraid you have been neglecting your health while I have been away," she said, looking at him earnestly.

"I have been ailing—but I am well now that I am with you. I look to you and Italy for healing. I have bought a yacht, and I am going to carry you off in it, as soon as the days are fair and long."

"That will not be till June, when my year of widowhood will be over."

She laughed, and laid her hand gently upon his for a moment, and looked at him, smiling, sighed, while her eyes filled with sudden tears. She rose hurriedly and went away to talk to people who were leaving, and for the next quarter of an hour she was standing near the door bidding her friends good-bye.

Gerard moved about the rooms restlessly, but conversed no one with whom he knew. He saw people looking at him with that quick furtive air in which good breeding struggles with curiosity. Suddenly he found himself looking at a large looking-glass, and saw himself from head to foot in the foreground of a group of well dressed people, the women elegant and graceful, the men dull and well so-so.

How ghastly he looked, with his cadaverous cheeks and sunken eyes, doubtless a natural result of that will week at Monte Carlo. How shabby too, he to whom tailors' bills were of no consequence, he who in the days of his poverty had been the monitor of other young men, distinguished for the sartorial perfection of his dress. Now, with his clothes hanging slackly upon his wasted frame, with the dust of travel still upon him, he looked as ugly beside the splendid elegance of Mrs. Champion's drawing-room. He went away hurriedly, slipping out by the dining-room door, unseen by Edith. He meant to have stayed and talked with her when the guests were gone, but a sudden disgust at life and at himself seized him as he contemplated the face and figure in the long Venetian glass and the thought of *tete-a-tete* with his sweetheart was no longer pleasant to him.

He was with her next morning, before her second breakfast, and on this occasion the glass reflected at least a well-dressed man. He had taken particular pains with his toilet, and the pale gray complet and white silk tie had all the cool freshness of spring, while from his chief florist's in the Via Tornabuoni he carried a large nosegay of lilies of the valley and niphetos roses, as tribute to his mistress.

She noticed him directly he came, and complimented him upon his improved appearance.

"You were really looking ill yesterday," she said. "A long dusty railway journey is so exhausting. This morning you have renewed your youth."

"And I mean to keep young, if I can. Am I over bold if I invite myself to breakfast."

"I should think you very foolish if you waited for me to invite you. Come as often and as much as you can. Your knife and fork shall be laid for every meal. My sheep-dog will be on duty again this afternoon. She has been at Siena with some clerical friends, who insisted upon carrying her off to help them with their French and Italian—both of which, by the way, are odious."

"Are sheep-dogs wanted in Florence? I have been taught to think that Florentine society asks no questions."

"That shows your insular ignorance. Good society in Florence is like good society everywhere else."

"I understand. Severe virtue, tempered by Russian princesses and their *cavaliere servente*."

They lunched *tete-a-tete*, under the protecting eyes of the major-domo and the two British footmen, funereal in their black liveries relieved only by their powdered heads. There was no opportunity for confidential talk, and indeed Gerard had no desire for anything better than this light airy gossip about people they knew and the ways and works of their own particular world, at home and on the continent, from Royalties downwards. He enjoyed this light talk. It seemed to him that he had left passion, with its accompaniment of sorrow, behind him on the shores of the Thames. To sit by the wood fire in Mrs. Champion's salon, playing with her Russian poodle, or turning over the newest French and German books, or the dainty little vellum-bound Florentine classics on the book table, while the leaves beat the window and embroidered flame-colored azalias on a ground of sea-green satin, was enough for contentment. He felt restful and almost happy. He was as much at ease with his *fiancee* as if they were old married people. He told her of his yacht and all its luxuries and modern improvements. He talked of those sunny Greek isles which they were to visit together.

"I hope you will order some Greek gowns in your trousseau," he said; "I shall want you to dress like Sappho or Lesbia when we are at Cyprus or Corfu."

"I will wear anything you like, but I think a neat tailor gown made of white serge would be smarter and more shipshape than chiton or peplum."

The long afternoon was delightful to Gerard, and in spite of occasional anxious glances at her lover's face, Mrs. Champion seemed happy. It was planned that a short summer tour in the Greek Archipelago and the Golden Horn—how they were to go to this place or that to avoid undue heat; how they were to bask in the sun so long as his rays were agreeable; and how before the days shortened again they were to decide whether they would winter in Algiers or in Egypt, or whether it might not please them to travel further afield, to Ceylon, for instance, and that strange, gorgeous, antique world of Hindostan. There was all the rapturous sensation of wealth in these day-dreams, the delicious knowledge that for these two privileged beings the cost of things could make no difference.

Mrs. Gresham came buzzing in at tea time, and after having endured her chatter about the Cathedral, the mosaics, the pictures, and *table d'hote* at Siena—including the wonder of wonders in having met Mrs. Rawdon Smith, of Cheltenham, and her daughter—for nearly an hour, Gerard took his leave, promising to return next day to luncheon, and to drive to Fiesole with Mrs. Champion and her cousin in the afternoon, provided the sun shone, which it had not done since his arrival in Florence.

He was back to his hotel, and dined in the splendid solitude of a spacious salon overlooking the river and the hills beyond. The candles were lighted within, clusters of candles in two tall candelabras, which brightened the table, but left the angles of the room in shadow. Outside the three large windows the evening was pale and gray, and in that soft grayness the lights on the old bridge and all along the quays shone golden.

Gerard, who was seldom able to eat alone, left his meal and went over to one of the windows, opened the casement, and stood looking out over the marble bridge, and the rushing weir, and listening to the evening sounds of Florence, with his elbows resting on the red velvet cushion which covered the sill. First came the reveille, and the sound of soldiers marching in the square below, the trumpet call repeated and then dying away in the distance; and then the sonorous bell of the church of All Saints filled the air, calling the faithful to an evening service. It was Holy Week, and throughout the day and nightly in the church yonder—lighted altars, tapers innumerable, throngs of worshippers.

The bell ceased after a while; and there was no sound but the weir, and the rush of water, or occasional footsteps across the empty square. Then the sonorous bell pealed out again, slow, solemn, funereal, from a cloister beside the church issued the funeral train in all its Florentine awfulness, cowled monks, flaming torches, darkly shrouded bier. Gerard shut the casement with angry suddenness and went back to the deserted dinner table. He had dismissed all service. The wine flasks and untasted dessert dishes remained in the light of the clustering candles.

The solitude within, the dismal tolling of the

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS. ST. HELENS LANCASHIRE

CHEAP PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL

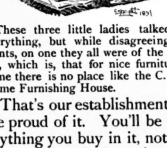
Bilious and Nervous Disorders

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, &c.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal, Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

A FURNITURE CHAT



These three little ladies talked on most everything, but while disagreeing on many points, on one they all were of the same opinion, which is, that for nice furniture for the home there is no place like the C. F. Adams' Home Furnishing House.

That's our establishment, and we are proud of it. You'll be proud of anything you buy in it, not only on account of style but also because prices are much lower than you'll pay elsewhere.

And we give credit at these prices. Why then wait a day to furnish that home for which you long wished?

Novelties in furniture can be seen here hard to meet with elsewhere. We have fifty stores in fifty different cities on this continent. In buying for them many rare things are picked up. That fact also accounts in part for the low ebb at which our prices always stay.

When furnishing the house remember we sell what you want and give credit at lowest cash prices.

THE C. F. ADAMS'
HOME FURNISHING HOUSE
177 Yonge Street, Four Doors North of Queen
C. S. CORYELL, Mgr. Tel. 2233

CANADA'S SUMMER RESORT

The Iroquois House
IN THE
BELŒIL MOUNTAINS
St. Hilaire, Que., One Hour from Montreal
OPEN FROM MAY 22 TO OCTOBER 1
B. F. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

Have You Tried It?
CREME DE ROSE
The New Preparation for the Toilet
Cures Chapped Hands, Rough Skin, &c.
TRY A BOTTLE
ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

What "THE TIMES" of Ceylon
SAYS OF THIS COMPANY, MAY 4, 1899.
"We are asked by a correspondent, 'Which Company, for the sale of Ceylon Tea at home, does the largest business?' and we really do not think that anybody answer this question. In all probability, the Ceylon Tea Growers, Limited (Khangani Brand), sell more Tea than most, seeing that they have on hand more than 1,000 packets in Great Britain alone, and, in the course of twelve months, must sell a very large quantity of Tea."
This is a remarkable testimonial to the Company's Tea
GENUINE CEYLON TEA COMPANY
SOLE AGENTS
Hereward Spencer & Co., Tea Merchants
534 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

TEABERRY. FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. PRICE 25C. ZOFEGA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.
THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.
W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

bell without, the heavy coloring of the dimly lighted room weighed upon his spirits. He took up his hat and went out; the streets would be infinitely more agreeable than that spacious emptiness within four walls.

The streets looked a gayer and bright in spite of Holy Week. Lighted shop windows, people passing to and fro; far better this than the shadows of an empty room. There was neither opera, nor theater open, or he would have sought distraction of that kind. Great flaming posters announced various performances of the lowest music-hall type, and strictly British. From these he recoiled. He passed a club, but did not test its hospitality. He turned out of a broad street into a narrow one, and a short cut to the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. A flare of yellow light filled the further end of the street. Something festival doubtless, in defiance of Lent.

No, not festal. Again the black rowls, the flaming torches, the darkly shrouded bier, and suddenly from Santa Maria yonder the slow and solemn bell. He turned on his heel, retraced his steps quickly, emerged into the bright, broad street he had just left only to meet another procession. Again the cowls, the torches and the bier.

Florence was alive with funerals. There was nothing doleful in the city; it seemed to him, but the burial of the dead. These funerals creeping through the night, mysterious under that uncertain flare of the torches, made death more awful. Gerard hurried away towards the river, overtook an empty fly and told the man to drive him to Mrs. Champion's villa as fast as a Florentine horse would go. He felt a need of human companionship, of a warm, loving heart beating against his own, his own which seemed cold and dead as the hearts of those quiet sleepers who were being carried through the streets to-night.

"I am not fit to be alone," he told himself, as the light vehicle rattled over the bridge, and away, skirting the Boboli Gardens, to the Porta San Miniato. "I am full of vague apprehensions, like a child that has been frightened by his nurse. What is that strange fear of children, I wonder, that innate horror of something unexplained, indescribable. What but the hereditary dread of death, the nameless infinite horror handed down from generation to generation, a fear which precedes knowledge and is linked with antedate sense. In spite of Locke and all his school, there is one innate idea, only one, and that is the idea of death. The wolf, the bear, the black man of the nurse's story, are all different images of that one indescribable form."

He was ashamed of his own weakness, which had been so shaken by the passing of funerals in which he had no interest; but that tolling bell and those cowled monks had filled him with gloomy fancies. He thought of the plague-stricken city of the middle ages, and how Death held his court here while in a villa garden yonder light-hearted ladies listened to stories that have become pure and parcel of the world's poesy, and then the song which he had heard yesterday in Mrs. Champion's drawing-room recurred to him:

"'Verrei morir' quando tramonta il sole,
Quando sul prato dormon le viole,
Lieta larebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno,
A primavera e sul morir del giorno."

Alas, and alas! would death be any sweeter to him because of a lovely sunset, or a woodland starred with primroses and hidden in the with sweet-scented violets? What to him was spring or winter if he must die? Whether his last breath went forth on the wings of the storm, like Cromwell's and Napoleon's; or whether his fading eyes looked their last look upon the placid loveliness of a summer evening in a pastoral country could matter nothing to him. Death meant the end—and death was unspeakably cruel.

Mrs. Champion and her cousin were sauntering in the garden after dinner, in the light of the Easter moon, very tired of each other's society and even of the garden. Every life has these dim evening hours, when there seems to be nothing to live for.

"How good of you," cried Edith, recognizing her lover in the moonlight.

There was a fountain in a shallow marble basin sending up its waters from the shadow of surrounding flowers into the silver light, and near the fountain a broad marble bench with crimson cushions spread upon it, where Mrs. Champion was wont to sit. She seated herself on this bench to-night and after a few words of commonplace, Gerard took his place at her side, while Rosa Gresham discreetly returned to the drawing-room, the poodle and an unfinished novel.

"You did not expect to see me so soon again, did you, Edith?"

"I did not expect—no—but I am so much the more glad."

"I could not live without you—I felt an aching wish to be with someone who loves me—to feel that I have still some hold upon warm human life."

And then he told her about the three funerals in the streets of Florence.

"Is it often so?" he asked. "Does Florence swarm with funerals?"

"My dear Gerard," she exclaimed, laughingly. "Three! For a city of 200,000 inhabitants! Does that mean much? It is only the torchlight and the brothers of the Misericordia that impressed you. How superior to anything one sees in England! So mediæval; so picturesque! But don't let us talk of funerals."

"No, indeed! I am here to talk of something widely different, of a wedding—our wedding, Edith. When is to be?"

"Next June, if you like," she answered, quietly.

"But I do not like. June is ages away. Who knows if we may live to June. The monks may be carrying us through the dark narrow streets in the flare of their torches before June. I want you to marry me to-morrow—"

"Gerard, in Holy Week!"

"What do I care for Holy Week! But if you care, let us be married on Easter Monday. We can start for Spezia after the ceremony, and dine on board my yacht in the loveliest harbor in Europe. We can watch that moon shining on the ghostly whiteness of the Carrara mountains, whiter, more picturesque than yonder snow-peaked Appennines."

"So soon!"

"And why not soon!" he urged, impatiently. "Edith, have I not waited long enough? Did I not consume my soul in three years of waiting! Have I not wasted the best years of my youth in silken dalliance and frittered away any talents I ever possessed upon the idlest of love letters, in which I was forbidden to talk of love. Edith, I have been your slave—give me something for my service before it is too late!"

"You are such a despondent lover," she said, with a forced laugh.

"Despondent, no; but I feel the need of your love; I feel that I am isolated, that I cannot live without some stronger nature than my own to lean upon, and that your character can supply all that is wanting in mine. We ought to be happy, Edith. We have youth, wealth, freedom, all the elements of happiness."

"Yes," she answered, with a faint sigh, "we ought to be happy."

"Let it be Monday, then. I will arrange all details."

"Easter Monday! What a vulgar day for a wedding."

"Is it vulgar! No matter, our marriage will be performed so quietly that hardly anyone will know anything about it till they see the announcement in the *Times*."

"Well, it must be as you like. You have been very good and devoted to me for all three years, and I don't think I shall be wanting in respect to my poor James, if I consent to marry you in April instead of June, though I daresay my sisters and people will talk. And as for my trousseau, I have plenty of gowns that will do well enough for your yacht. You must take me to Palestine, Gerard. I have always had a yearning to see the Holy Land."

"You shall go wherever you like. You shall be captain and commander of the Jersey Lily," he answered, bending down to kiss the beautiful hand that moved in slow measure, waving a feather fan! "She shall sail wherever you order her."

They went into the house after this and found Rosa Gresham yawning over her novel, and the poodle yawning on the bearskin rug. Nothing could have been less romantic than this final wooing; and if Gerard had been not too self-absorbed to observe keenly he must have been struck by the contrast between Mrs. Champion's manner to-night and the old days in Hertford street.

They drove through the dust and shabbiness of the outskirts of Florence next day, and up to the hill-top, where Fiesole, the mother city, hangs like an eagle's nest against a background of cloudless blue.

The day was steeped in sunshine and balmy air, and it was a happiness to escape from Lenten Florence, with her pealing bells, to this winding road which went climbing upward by villa gardens and flowery fields.

Here, while the horses rested, Mrs. Gresham went to explore the cathedral, leaving Edith and Gerard free to climb the steep path to the cluster of trees on the top of the hill. In front of the stone steps that led up to the Franciscan monastery and the church of St. Alessandro. Slowly, and very slowly, Gerard mounted that stony way, leaning on Edith Champion's arm, with sorely laboring breath. He stopped, exhausted, and sat down, in front of an open shop, where an old man was mending shoes, who at once laid down his work and brought out a chair for the tired Englishman. Edith entreated him to go no further, tried to persuade him that the view was quite as fine from the point they had reached as from the summit, but he persisted, and after resting for a few minutes, he tossed a five franc piece to the civil cobbler, who was overpowered at the largeness of the donation—and went laboring up the few remaining yards to the dusty little terrace, where a group of noisy Germans and a group of equally noisy Americans were expatiating upon the panorama in front of them.

He sank panting upon the rough wooden bench, and Edith sat by his side in silence, holding his hand, which was cold and damp.

A deadly chill crept through his heart as she sat there hand in hand with the man whose life was so soon to be joined with her life. The same vague horror had crept over her two days ago, when she had stood face to face with her lover in the clear afternoon light, and had seen the ravages which less than a year had made in his countenance—had seen that which her fear told her was the stamp of death.

(To be Continued.)

A Precipitated Lover.

Young, brave, intelligent, Ferreol's principle of life was to be astonished at nothing. To wonder at unusual occurrences, to be astonished at surprise and he did not worry as the ancient Gauiois, lest the heavens should fall upon his head.

Moreover, he lacked for nothing, was well off in the goods of the world, burned his candles from start to finish, joked at the past, laughed at the future.

At Paris he encountered Angele. Charming Angele! He loved her and told her so. She laughed. He pressed her. She resisted. He insisted. She mentioned marriage.

Logical even with himself, he was not astonished.

Angele was good as pretty.

Why not marriage!

"Have you a family!" said Ferreol to her.

"A father, yes."

"Where is he!"

"Brest."

"What doing!"

"Refitting vessels."

"I go at once, then," said Ferreol calmly.

"Wherefore!"

"To demand your hand of monsieur your father. It is thus with me always. For to-morrow, nothing. Consider, buy. . . I love you, you love me. . . . . You do love me—hein!"

"Yes."

"Good! The train leaves at eight this evening. At eleven to-morrow I land at Brest. Thirty minutes later arrive at the dock. See your father. Ask him the question, receive your answer, at three p.m. resume the train, and day after to-morrow, at seven in the evening, say to you, 'Angele, thou art mine!'"

She blushed, smiled coyly, and softly murmured:

"Go, then!"

Ferreol took a fiacre to more quickly reach the station; the driver was drunk.

It did not astonish him.

In the waiting-room his valise was stolen.

Nothing astonishing in that.

In the wagon of the train one Englishman alone occupied all the four corners—the first with his Kersen, the second with his glass, the third with his umbrella, the fourth with his Baedeker.

Ferreol was not astonished at this, either.

Then the train ran off the track. Pooh! child's play!

Ferreol had his nose half-broken.

Ridiculous obstacle!

Briefly, with missed connections, with many hours' delay, it was not till the third day after his departure from Paris that Ferreol debarked at Brest, and swift as a startled zebra threaded his way through the Rue de Siam.

"The ship, Kenezek! The ship!"

"Rue de Penfeld, third building to the left."

Ferreol was totally ignorant of the geographical identity of the Penfeld, but a man like him makes no demand for explanations. Straight before him he plunged as if he knew it like A B C—turned towards Saint-Sauveur, struck the Gabon gaate, rebounded upon the Madeleine, cannoned against the Chateau, saw on a street lamp "*Quai de la Penfeld*," and divining that he was on the right road at last, took it.

Yes, took it at top speed to make up for lost time; scraping his shins on chains and tarred ropes, tripping himself up with links and anchors, receiving thumps and bumps from bales and boxes—to presently halt before a building on which, in black letters on a tobacco ground, was the magic word:

REFITTERS.

This chance astonished him no more than all the rest. Before him was a door. He knocked, entered, perceived a gloomy hall, a dingy camp bed, on that camp bed a sailor smoking a cob pipe. Hairy, tarry, weather-beaten—a type of the old sea wolf.

"Monsieur Kenezek!" said Ferreol civilly.

"Not in."

"Where is he, then!"

"At works, parbleu."

"Where, I say!"

"Yonder; or maybe below."

And the sailor designated with his thumb a vague topography, some distance away.

"Eh bien! then I'll go and find him at work."

"Thou, my chicken!"

"Why not!"

"It would be——"

"Bah! no phrases! Speak to Monsieur Kenezek I must, on business that admits of no delay, and I will speak to him at once, if I have to go to the bottom to do it."

The sailor rose instantly, shifted pipe and quid from right to left, and cried out admiringly:

"Thou too, then, art of the craft, my chicken!"

Ferreol comprehended nothing, but his principles dictated his answer.

"Parbleu! yes," said he, turning with decision.

"Come on, then, I'll show you myself. Two steps away only, but you'll dress yourself here."

Dress himself, and here! Any one but Ferreol would have let escape him at least a gesture of surprise. But he—never! After all, to present himself to a future father-in-law, perhaps it was more expedient to assume a black coat.

"So be it!" replied he.

The sailor moved a step to the door, but stopped thoughtfully, turned, unhooked from the wall a greasy placard, and with a mumbled "Ne bamboulez pas, tu sec!" began to read and to question Ferreol as follows:

"You are not in a state of intoxication, you!"

"I!" said Ferreol indignantly; then restraining himself: "no, not even a glass of water in the stomach."

"Ed—more than an hour since you've eaten!"

"Three hours, precisely."

"You are not in a perspiration!"

"Dry as a fish-bone."

"And your health is good!"

"Sound as cast-iron."

"Nerves and temper calm and equable!"

"As a calm at high water."

"Good! All as it should be!"

And replacing the placard on its nail, the sailor wheeled and threw open the door of a cell.

"Hurry!" said he; "begin; undress yourself!"

Ferreol, up to this date, had asked no one in marriage, but sharp as he was, he had never supposed that this act—important, it was true—would be accompanied by such formalities. Out of doubt, however, whose nothing amazed, he did not flinch, but proceeded to strip himself.

Decidedly obscure in this closet, Ferreol was reduced to conjectures, smell and feeling; still, it was distinctly an under-vest, drawers and shoes that the sailor drew from a locker and laid before him.

"With these," said he, "you can defy the perspiration."

"In truth I can!" said Ferreol, covering himself with the articles, which exhaled a singular odor of mingled tar and salty grass-wrack. Upon which the other added to the costume a vest and breeches with feet and jacket of thick waterproof stuff, and bidding him be seated, assisted him with the skill of a retired *valet de chambre* to lace the great shoes, put on the breeches, thrust his arms, one after the other, into the sleeves of the jacket, and to slip his neck into a leathern collarette that exactly adapted itself to his shoulders.

On his back then he placed a cushion, and on this again a metal helmet that resembled a cuirass, reciting by rote meanwhile, after the fashion of the corporal's manual:

"Push each button of the pelerine into the corresponding hole of the collarette. Adjust the copper valves and turn the screw-nuts. Close the latter till the joining of garments, pelerine," etc.

It was long, but Ferreol was patient and said only:

"You are sure I shall find Monsieur Kenezek there!"

"Certain sure," responded the sailor with a grin; "he can't get away." Adding contentedly, "Work and common sense belonged the emotion of surprise and he did not worry as the ancient Gauiois, lest the heavens should fall upon his head.

Moreover, he lacked for nothing, was well off in the goods of the world, burned his candles from start to finish, joked at the past, laughed at the future.

At Paris he encountered Angele. Charming Angele! He loved her and told her so. She laughed. He pressed her. She resisted. He insisted. She mentioned marriage.

Logical even with himself, he was not astonished.

Angele was good as pretty.

Why not marriage!

"Have you a family!" said Ferreol to her.

"A father, yes."

"Where is he!"

"Brest."

"What doing!"

"Refitting vessels."

"I go at once, then," said Ferreol calmly.

"Wherefore!"

"To demand your hand of monsieur your father. It is thus with me always. For to-morrow, nothing. Consider, buy. . . I love you, you love me. . . . . You do love me—hein!"

"Yes."

"Good! The train leaves at eight this evening. At eleven to-morrow I land at Brest. Thirty minutes later arrive at the dock. See your father. Ask him the question, receive your answer, at three p.m. resume the train, and day after to-morrow, at seven in the evening, say to you, 'Angele, thou art mine!'"

She blushed, smiled coyly, and softly murmured:

"Go, then!"

Ferreol took a fiacre to more quickly reach the station; the driver was drunk.

It did not astonish him.

In the waiting-room his valise was stolen.

Nothing astonishing in that.

In the wagon of the train one Englishman alone occupied all the four corners—the first with his Kersen, the second with his glass, the third with his umbrella, the fourth with his Baedeker.

Ferreol was not astonished at this, either.

Then the train ran off the track. Pooh! child's play!

Ferreol had his nose half-broken.

Ridiculous obstacle!

Briefly, with missed connections, with many hours' delay, it was not till the third day after his departure from Paris that Ferreol debarked at Brest, and swift as a startled zebra threaded his way through the Rue de Siam.

"The ship, Kenezek! The ship!"

"Rue de Penfeld, third building to the left."

Ferreol was totally ignorant of the geographical identity of the Penfeld, but a man like him makes no demand for explanations. Straight before him he plunged as if he knew it like A B C—turned towards Saint-Sauveur, struck the Gabon gaate, rebounded upon the Madeleine, cannoned against the Chateau, saw on a street lamp "*Quai de la Penfeld*," and divining that he was on the right road at last, took it.

Yes, took it at top speed to make up for lost time; scraping his shins on chains and tarred ropes, tripping himself up with links and anchors, receiving thumps and bumps from bales and boxes—to presently halt before a building on which, in black letters on a tobacco ground, was the magic word:

REFITTERS.

This chance astonished him no more than all the rest. Before him was a door. He knocked, entered, perceived a gloomy hall, a dingy camp bed, on that camp bed a sailor smoking a cob pipe. Hairy, tarry, weather-beaten—a type of the old sea wolf.

"Monsieur Kenezek!" said Ferreol civilly.

"Not in."

"Where is he, then!"

"At works, parbleu."

"Where, I say!"

"Yonder; or maybe below."

And the sailor designated with his thumb a vague topography, some distance away.

"Eh bien! then I'll go and find him at work."

"Thou, my chicken!"

"Why not!"

"It would be——"

"Bah! no phrases! Speak to Monsieur Kenezek I must, on business that admits of no delay, and I will speak to him at once, if I have to go to the bottom to do it."

The sailor rose instantly, shifted pipe and quid from right to left, and cried out admiringly:

"Thou too, then, art of the craft, my chicken!"

Ferreol comprehended nothing, but his principles dictated his answer.

"Parbleu! yes," said he, turning with decision.

"Come on, then, I'll show you myself. Two steps away only, but you'll dress yourself here."

Dress himself, and here! Any one but Ferreol would have let escape him at least a gesture of surprise. But he—never! After all, to present himself to a future father-in-law, perhaps it was more expedient to assume a black coat.

A Young Diplomat.

Dora—O, Dolph! I'm going to tell ma!

Dolph (from interior of the closet)—Better not tell her till I give you half this cake.

Fair Woman on a Wheel.

Of all the pleasant sights to be seen in the life of our great twin cities none is more attractive to the eye than that of an accomplished woman rider speeding gracefully along on a well-made safety. Although the sight of a strongly built man on a wheel is pleasant, the woman rider look far and away better on bicycles than their brothers and husbands. There is a soft suggestion of feminine grace about the outlines of a woman on wheels that is missing in a man's wheel. The graceful curve of the drop frame adds to the beauty of black enamel and nickel plating. The machine itself seems to know that it is destined to bear a weight far more precious than gold.

The invention of the safety bicycle was a masterpiece of ingenuity; the invention of the woman's safety was a stroke of genius. The latter has made it possible for the fair ones of a bicyclist's family and acquaintance to lend added pleasure to his already happy lot as a wheelman by accompanying him on his tours of delight.

Years of study were necessary to the designing of a wheel that should enable women to enjoy the pleasures of bicycling without riding astride. Scores of ideas were evolved and rejected because of their impracticability, until finally the happy idea of the drop frame occurred to the inventor. This frame runs from the saddle nearly to the ground, and then goes upward again to the handle-bar bearing, down upon delicacy, and the rest in from six to twelve monthly payments.

This system is very convenient, and many purchasers take advantage of it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

TENNIS AND CRICKET

Supplies for these sports from all the best English makers---Ayre's, Slazenger & Sons, Cobbett and others. Illustrated Catalogue sent free to any address. Special quotations to clubs.

H. P. DAVIES & CO.

81 Yonge Street

NO PRESENT

REQUIRED TO SELL

HICKMAN'S

Bo-Ka-Te

(Bouquet Tea)

50c. per lb. 5 lbs. for $2.25

If you like a cup of good tea such as cannot be bought in any other store in the city, try it. We guarantee it will please you.

(TELEPHONE 5063)

HICKMAN & CO.

PARKDALE KASH GROCERY

1424 Queen Street West.

RECAMIER

$1.50 per Jar

CREAM

An Infallible Remedy for the Complexion

The only preparation of its kind endorsed by eminent Chemists and Physicians, and used by the leading artistes of the world.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

D. GRANT & CO.

Will offer over one hundred

PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS

At $5, worth from $10 to $15. Also the contents of 50 cases

Summer Novelties in Millinery

10 cases New Sateen Foulards and Delaines and Trimmings

Artistic Dressmaking at low prices. See our pure Black Silks at $1

D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge St.

We have just received a number of

Sole Leather Trunks, Portmanteaus and Valises

both our own make and imported, that are of superior quality and finish, combined with exceedingly low price for the quality of the goods.

Any of our customers requiring such goods, we will feel great pleasure in showing our stock to them.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West, Toronto.

Force of Habit.

Rather stout lady (at box office)—Two seats for to-night, please.

Codleigh (formerly of Macy's)—Yes, For yourself, ma'am!

No Taste For Art.

First Fly—They are painting the house outside. Let's go out and get stuck in the paint.

Second Fly—I'd rather stay here and get stuck in the butter.

They Made Him Weep.

"Did Kritic seem to like that new play of mine!"

"He wept during some portions of it."

"Ah! The emotional parts, I presume."

"No—the comic scenes, mostly."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

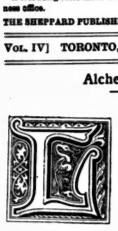
Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

A liberal rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, MAY 23, 1891. [No. 25

Alchemists.



ORD Francis Bacon likens Alchemy to the husbandman in Æsop's fable, who when he died, told his sons that he had left them gold buried in his vineyard. The sons dug the ground over and over again, but found no gold. But the continued searching had this beneficial effect: it so stirred the mould about the vines that the following year they had an immense vintage. So he contends, by the investigations of the alchemists much knowledge of great benefit to mankind was brought to light. Though the alchemists themselves had no idea of the indirect good they did, they were very interesting fellows. We always think of them as bald and cadaverous old men, hoary-bearded, and gravelling among curious old books, dusty mortars, skulls and grotesquely shaped mechanical implements; taking no pleasure in aught but the search for this primary matter of which they were to make gold; shutting away from themselves all the beauty and pleasure of the world that they might find what seemed to them the Keystone of it all, the wonderful, glorious, the untransmutable gold. And it was a very plausible idea that one of theirs, the idea of a primary matter out of which all substances were made, and the metaphysical pros and cons that they upheld their theories with. And very pleasant it was to think of or to listen to such theories. The idea of getting something for nothing is still alluring and the would-be alchemist nowadays has as much chance of a hearing as he had six hundred years ago. Everyone likes to dream of a sudden access of fortune. These castles in the air are the pleasantest things of existence, and man who talks of the chimerical fortune which is to be made at once is a much pleasanter fellow than the one who talks about plodding along and finding the gold slowly. In the newspapers of the day we read of a London charlatan, who is suspected of robbing many great pockets with a scheme for increasing the weight of gold, and without any theory or explanation whatever, and perhaps some of the savants of five hundred years ago had as little belief in their own theories as this nineteenth century specimen. Ben Jonson had a poor opinion of the craft. His alchemist is as slippery a character as the one the London police have now in their hands, but Jonson's alchemist worked more on the superstitions of his dupes than did this modern worthy; and the highest game he struck for was an ignorant, drunken baronet, not an intelligent banker, so despite the wide-spread dissemination of knowledge and the decay of superstition the desire to get something for nothing is as strong as ever with us all.

But few of the old alchemists were charlatans. They really believed in themselves; just as much as Ignatius Donelly believes in his cryptogram and with much more reason. Even the canny, upright Roger Bacon said he could make gold. But he never made it. Perhaps he hated it as the root of all evil and foresaw the time when the numbers of the alchemists would be increased to millions; when the gold would become the key to existence instead of the key to beauty and pleasure; when, just then, old alchemists shut all the joys of life away from themselves in the search for gold, the modern alchemists should be compelled to do so and work and sweat out their lives for gold, dead to all beauty for its sake. And the worthy Roger certainly did foresee and was pioneer to that other school of alchemists who should search nature and the universe for something more worthy than gold; who would search just as fruitlessly, perhaps, though Roger loved physical causes for the source and meaning of life; but whose diggings and delvings, like those of the early gold-seeking alchemists, should discover knowledge genuinely golden for the benefit of the other poor money-grubbing alchemists. So, to use a sophism, we are most of us alchemists of one kind or another. Those of us who are not entirely occupied in search for the material gold are seeking the chimerical gold, trying to find out what all this world means; and those who are doing neither are trying to forget that things have any meaning. H. W. C.

Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler is rapidly recovering from her recent serious illness, and it is announced that she will soon publish a novel that may throw her former efforts in the shade.

There are a few men and circumstances that self-reliant Miss Kate Field does not feel quite able to cope with and eventually master. Lately, at a large public dinner, she occupied a seat in the ladies' gallery, and listened with flattering attention to the post-prandial speeches. A favorite orator at length arose and drifted into such extended and uninteresting expressions of hope, interlarded with reminiscences, that his audience grew politely restive. "I fear he imagines himself again in the Senate Chamber, where one can step out during dull speeches," remarked Miss Field, in a calm, loud voice, from her gallery corner, and in one moment a more nervous and pithy talker had taken the floor.

Music.

The chief event calling for notice in this department this week has been the Santley concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. The hall was very fairly filled and the audience was very demonstrative in its applause of Mr. Santley and Mr. Douglas Bird. The former sang ever so much better than when he was here in April. His tone was smooth and pleasant, intonation and expression were agreeable, and all the refinement that has charmed a generation was evident. His high notes were rounder and richer than before, and his ease of delivery was very marked. His singing struck me as being a trifle cold. Even his splendid performance of Bid Me to Live, full of energy of style as it was, seemed a work of note rather than of sentiment. He is not afraid to risk a speedy delivery, and his *temps* are dangerously fast. A turn at the close of Forever and Forever was sung in a jerky way that may be desirable in certain operatic arias, but does not sound pleasing in a love song. In the quiet serio-comic songs Mr. Santley shines. His singing of The Vicar of Bray, Here's a Health to His Good Majesty, and the ever-popular Simon the Cellarer was simply delightful. His humor was refined and genial, and apart from the comical vein of the songs, he made a great point in a graciousness and elegance of delivery. He also made a splendid effect in the Wolf.

•

Mrs. Anna Burch gave a delightful rendering of the aria, Il Est Doux from the Herodiade (a work, by the way, credited to a gentleman named Kasanet on the programme). Fine large phrasing and accurate intonation distinguished her singing. Similarly elegant was her rendition of Grieg's First Meeting, which was the gem of the evening. (Another remark, by the way, is suggested by the obstinate determination of Toronto programme makers to spell this gentleman's name Greig, as if he were Scotch instead of Scandinavian). Mrs. Burch's voice is a very tender, sweet one, with perhaps a little too much openness in its higher notes, and she sings with great taste and care. As an encore she gave a charming rendition of Snowflake. Mr. Douglas Bird fairly divided the honors with Mr. Santley. His voice is gaining in color and with a little addition of breath to his upper notes, will make him a very charming concert singer. His best number was Lohr's Margarita, which he sang very daintily. Miss Irene Gurney rendered valuable assistance, though she played only two solos. I thoroughly enjoyed her rendering of Liszt's Liebestraum, No. 2. It was poetical and sympathetic to a degree, well balanced in conception and delivery. Her playing of the Chopin Scherzo in C sharp major displayed a strong and well trained left hand. She also took part in the first movement of a Beethoven trio. (By the way, once more, why do not the programme makers give the opus numbers of classical and quasi-classical pieces?) In this number she was assisted by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Herr Franz Wagner. The *ensemble* was very good and it was almost a pity that the beauties of the work should be lost amid the rustle and stir of the inevitable late arrivals. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson played De Beriot's Seventh Concerto with a beauty of tone and general excellence of style that I have never heard her excel. All it wanted to produce a perfect effect was that it should have been played from memory. Herr Wagner essayed Sarvais' Concerto Militaire, which is not, to me at all events, a very interesting number. I always admire his strong, virile tone and his accuracy of execution, and every time he appears he shows further progress. He is improving steadily in his rapid work and has an artistic temperament which finds full expression in his playing. The accompaniments were excellently played by Mrs. Carl E. Martin, Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. Theodore Martens.

•

On Wednesday evening of last week the Church of the Redeemer was completely filled on the occasion of the last service of song of the season. The choir sang with its usual excellence, incidental solos being well rendered by Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Lilli Kleiser and Mr. E. W. Schuch. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan sang O Lord, Correct Me, to Handel's well known air Lascia Ch 'io Piango with telling effect, her low notes especially being full and rich. Mrs. George Hamilton, also from Hamilton, sang Faure's Santa Maria to English words very effectively. She has a very sweet, yet powerful and sympathetic soprano voice which she uses very skilfully. Both ladies sang Lachner's duett, My Faith Looks Up to Thee, with a charming blending of tone. Mr. Fred Warrington was in splendid voice and gave an exceptionally fine rendering of Van de Water's Easter Song. Feeling and enthusiasm were its prominent characteristics. The Orpheus Quartette *redivivus*, consisting of Messrs. Taylor, Lye, Warrington and Schuch, sang three numbers with great care and taste, Rhode's Remember Now Thy Creator being specially admired. The organ solos and accompaniments were excellently played by Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli.

•

On Thursday, 14th, Mr. A. S. Vogt's choir, Jarvis street Baptist church, also gave a service of song assisted by Mr. Percy W. Mitchell and Mr. Fred Warrington. The service was largely attended and well carried out. Mr. Vogt played several organ solos with great judgment and skill, showing his excellent technical resources and his command of registrative effects. The choir of some thirty voices shows the careful training it has received at Mr. Vogt's hands, and is particularly excellent in unaccompanied singing. Its singing of the chorus God So Loved the World from Stainer's Crucifixion was exceedingly good. Mr. Warrington sang the Easter Song with all his excellence, and Mr. Mitchell gave a very satisfactory rendering of Suendien's Romanza in D.

•

On the same evening the pupils of the Toronto College of Music entertained their friends at a musicale, when the large hall and adjacent rooms were crowded to excess. An excellent programme had been arranged and was admirably executed. Organ solos were played by Miss Sullivan, who played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B flat and Mozart's Larghetto, and by Mr. J. W. McNally who played Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 4. The piano pieces were Raff's Polka de la Reine by Miss Wey, Mozart's Concerto in E flat major by Miss McKay and Miss Broughton, Jaell's Third Invitation by Miss F. Smith, and Liszt's Rigoletto Fantaisie by Miss Wells. The vocal numbers were Rubinstein's Since First I met You by Miss Edith Mason, Ganz's I Seek for Thee in Every Flower by Miss Myers, The Village Blacksmith by Mr. Shaw, and Arditi's Parla by Miss Mabel Gardner.

•

The same evening saw a large audience in Bond street Congregational church, where Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli gave an organ recital under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the church. He played a number of organ selections in fine style, showing himself a thorough master of organ technique. His combinations and general rendition were scholarly and artistic. The chief numbers were a march by himself, Weley's Offertoire in G, Chanson D'Amour by Ignace Gibson, Baptiste's Offertoire in D, and the Poet and Peasant overture. He was assisted by Miss Eva N. Roblin and Mr. Charles Dimmock, who each sang several numbers excellently.

•

Mr. W. Edgar Buck has been honored by the Toronto Vocal Society with an increase of one hundred dollars in his stipend for next year, in recognition of his excellent services during the past season.

•

Mr. D. E. Cameron, Deputy Provincial Treasurer, has been appointed choirmaster of Carlton street Methodist church, in the place of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, who goes to Europe this summer. Mrs. Cameron joins the choir as contralto soloist. Mr. Cameron assumes his new duties on June 1.

•

Next week will bring us the concert in aid of St. Anne's church, in which both Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Thomson will appear. The concert will take place on Thursday evening, when these ladies will be assisted by favorite local talent.

•

Orlde Musin, who has not played in Toronto for two years, will give a concert at the Pavilion, on Thursday, June 4, assisted by Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, Miss Inez Parmater, Herr Karl Storr and Herr Edward Scharf.

•

I believe that Theodore Thomas' orchestra will play here on Thursday, June 11. The soloists will be Italo Campanini, Rafael Joseffy and Miss Fleming.

•

They are having some considerable choir festivals in the large cities of the United States. On Thursday next there will be one at the Auditorium in Chicago, in which eleven hundred and fifty vested choristers will take part. Mr. H. B. Roney will be choirmaster and Mr. C. E. Reynolds (a Toronto boy, by the way) will preside at the organ. In point of numbers this will be grand, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Roney will make a better job of it than he did when he essayed to conduct the Metropolitan church choir during the boy Kavanagh's visit here. They recently had one in Buffalo with about three hundred singers, an amusing feature of which was that although held on Ascension Day, the anthem sung was an Easter anthem! All this leads to the question, why do we not have a combined Anglican choir festival here? Surely the little mutual admirations between the choir-masters are not so potent as to make such a gathering impossible. St. James' cathedral is now so arranged that a goodly number of choristers could be gathered there, and such an effort would do much to benefit the music in each church taking part.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

ANOTHER amateur performance took place at the Grand on Friday evening of last week. The occasion was the performance of W. S. Gilbert's comedy, On Guard, by the Sheridan Club. If any of the audience were disappointed it was not the fault of the actors, but of the play. The selection of On Guard for the initial performance of the club was unfortunate in the extreme. The comedy shares the common fault of all Gilbert's legitimate dramatic work in being too talky. The dialogue is very clever and enjoyable *to read*. It is all *repartee*. One of Plato's dialogues staged would be almost as interesting. The greater part of it neither facilitates the progress of the play nor accentuates the characters of the speakers. In fact, with the exception of two broad comedy parts, the speakers are almost without character, and when a comedy of so much character as the School for Scandal can have its success retarded by the fault of too much *repartee*, what can be the fate of such a characterless work as On Guard? The want of incident is also noticeable. A play of any kind, a comedy especially, should at least commence with an incident, but the curtain rises in On Guard on two young ladies discussing the art of flirtation and a genuine incident does not occur for half an hour. The plot of the play is somewhat disjointed, the most interesting episode, that of the criminal lawyer's scheme to defraud Jessie Blake of her fortune, having no perceptible bearing on the sequence of events. It runs somewhat as follows: Guy Warrington, a young officer, is going away to Gibraltar, and half an hour before his departure becomes engaged to Jessie Blake, a beautiful young lady whom everybody is in love with, but who is inclined to flirt. She is backed up in this latter pursuit by her friend, Mrs. FitzOsbourne, a beautiful widow, whose principal object in life is to say rude things in a fascinating way. Warrington, *pater*—Invisible—and party are to sail for Gibraltar in the yacht Skylark in six weeks' time, and in the second act the scene is laid on board. Before going, however, Guy, knowing Jessie's propensities, has placed "on guard" over her an old friend of his and a former aspirant to her hand, who loves her still. His name is Denis Grant, an African traveler, who stalks about like the ghost in Hamlet and on the whole makes himself pretty obnoxious to poor Jessie from his interference in her affairs, and to other people from his habit of biting off their clever sayings half way. There is also a person yclept Corny Kavanagh and said to be an adventurer, but who chiefly seeks "tongue" adventures or little *repartee* engagements. He thinks Jessie is in love with him and gives Grant to understand that such is the case, and on Grant's casually remarking that he is a "liar" calls in Jessie who, angered with Grant for his interference, does not contradict him. Guy, who though supposed to be a hearty whole-souled young fellow is in reality a cad, hears of the row and being more willing to believe Kavanagh whom he says he despises than his old friend, Grant, accuses the latter of quarrelling on the ground of jealousy and of trying to win Jessie from him and strikes him. Grant mercifully refrains from wringing his neck; the rest of the characters then come in and all is set right.

•

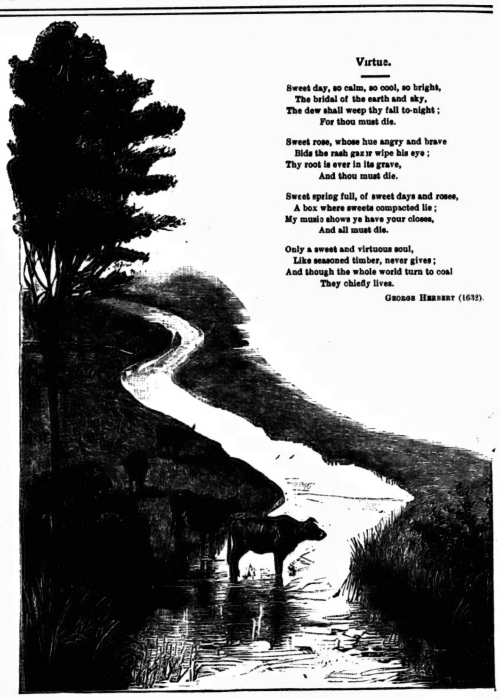
There is also a criminal lawyer named Grouse who says he can prove that Kavanagh is the rightful owner of Jessie Blake's property, and offers to bring forward his evidence on a "halvers" basis. Kavanagh, much to the discomfiture of Grouse, discovers that the scheme is fraudulent and draws back. This attorney is the funniest character in the piece, but as I said does not have much influence on the course of events. In addition to criminal law he has some little practice in *repartee*. Another funny character is Baby Boodle, who is "such a donkey." I was interested in the fate of Baby, but was unsatisfied. All I know is that Mrs. FitzOsbourne, with whom he was in love, asked him to "forgive her." Baby is not so good at *repartee* as the others, but has a keen appreciation of their prowess in that line. There is also a man servant not unskilled in *repartee*.

•

If I have been somewhat acid in speaking of the play, nothing uncomplimentary can be said of the actors. Perhaps the chief honors should fall to Miss Bunting as Mrs. FitzOsbourne. She carried off her weak part in a charming manner. Perhaps one can give her no greater praise than to say that she recalled Rose Coghlan. Her archness, the sweetness of her voice and her splendid repose of manner won all hearts. Miss May Walker was a winsome Jessie Blake and 'twas no wonder that most of the male characters in the cast were in love with her. Of the gentlemen, perhaps the most successful was Mr. Boddy as Baby Boodle. His ease in sustaining the peculiarities of Baby was remarkable and he managed to depict him without plagiarizing from the many similar parts which appear from time to time on the English and American stages. Mr. "Nellie" Macdonell was not far behind as Grouse, the attorney. His facial expression and Carker-like smile were most amusing. The reason the other gentlemen did not create so much enthusiasm as the two just mentioned was their lack of clearly defined parts, but nevertheless Mr. E. Douglas Armour was very fine as Denis Grant. His voice was full and deep, his facial expression good, and he had a fine unamateurish repose. Mr. Stuart Morrison as Corny Kavanagh was a good contrast to Mr. Armour, and his acting also was characterized by an absence of staginess and exaggeration. Mr. Vaux Chadwick improved after a few moments on the stage and made a very fair Guy Warrington, although harassed somewhat by the uncertainty of the character he was representing. Mr. Young was amusing as Druce, Guy's servant. Noticeably fine was the distinctness with which the actors spoke, a compliment which cannot always be paid to a performance by amateurs.

•

The members of the Sheridan Club deserve the thanks of Torontonians for the establishment of such a club. Nothing can be more beneficial in stimulating the intellectuality of young people, and the success of the club's members in so poor a play should give them much encouragement to continue in the good work. TOUCHSTONE.



Virtue.

Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring full, of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
And though the whole world turn to coal
They chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT (1632).

May 24th, 1891.

For Saturday Night.

O countrymen of every clime
Where Britain's flag holds sway,
I wonder if your hearts keep time
With my full heart to-day.

Th' unfathomed sea its calmness keeps
Till, in a sudden hour,
The tempest o'er its bosom sweeps,
And then we learn its power.

Swept by the wind that on its way
All loyal hearts must reach,
Mine, swiftly-rising, beats to-day
The barren shore of speech.

And, touching, shrinks, for—coldly thrilled
As by a spectre's kiss—
The lava stream of thought is chilled
By contact such as this.

Ah, what are words to gauge her worth
Beneath whose gentle sway,
The very confines of the earth
Confess themselves to day,

In deepest reverence, ever green,
Yet love that conquers fears,
Victoria, our beloved Queen
For four-and-fifty years.

O tender mother, faithful wife
And Queen of Britain's throne,
The threefold beauty of thy life
Our hearts are bowed to own.

Of old, the people's wills to school
A sovereign's boast has been,
But who the people's hearts can rule
Is thrice a king or queen.

We need no table of thy birth,
No tale of "right divine,"
Love is a law of higher worth
And ours is wholly thine.

As dear to-day the boon we crave
As it hath ever been:
From danger and from death God save
Victoria, our Queen!

ESPERANCE.

Antithesis.

For Saturday Night.

A dash of gold 'cross the sky,
The blue melts into the sweet,
The cloud sprites in twilight high
Are plashing their misty feet.

Saffron and scarlet and brown,
Myrtle and violet below,
Into the white cottage town
Drift smacks with their sails thrown low.

From the lattice a mellow light
Goes fainting out to the bar,
Telling the souls in the night
Where Love's sweet dominions are.

Straight up on the sand he comes,
His beard all misty with sea,
His eyes like the blue of plums
In the dawn-lit orchard tree.

Up into the whited cot,
Where infant and wife awa's,
I watch him merrily trot,
Heart light with the joy of Fate.

I turn from the scene in the pain
Of the conscious weight of my life,
And its chimeric visions vain
With no such pure sweetness rife.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

Standing on Tiptoe.

Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth,
Striving to grasp the Future, just above,
I hold at length the only future, Truth,
And truth is—Love!

I feel as one who, being awhile confined,
Sees drop to dust about him all his bars,
The day grows less, and, leaving it, the Mind
Dwells with the stars.

Kingston, Ont. The late GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

But There Was a Hereafter.

Kingley (visiting Bingo)—I like to come over to your house (puff), because I always (puff) feel such absolute freedom about smoking. My wife makes such a fuss about it. I don't suppose it makes the slightest difference to your wife, does it?

Bingo (placidly)—No; not so long (puff) as I have a guest.

Noted People.

Miss Annette P. Rogers of Boston has been nominated Overseer of the Poor by Mayor Matthews.

Theodore Tilton lives in comparative quiet and obscurity in Paris, and gains a moderate income by literary work. He is said to have given up all desire for returning to this country to live.

In the Art Club of Rochester, New York, women fill several important offices. Emma E. Lambert was elected president, and Ada H. Kent secretary. The vice-president and treasurer, as well as three trustees, are men.

Adolph Sutro, the rich Californian who made his money by the great mining tunnel that bears his name, is to turn his fine collection of nearly 40,000 volumes into a free public library for the benefit of San Francisco people.

Mrs. Belle Wooster Higgins of Sullivan, Me., has had nineteen years of sea life and has sailed to every part of the globe. She is an expert in navigation and could take a ship to any port, foreign or domestic, should it ever become necessary.

Ex-Senator Regan of Texas, whose resignation from the United States Senate follows closely upon that of Edmunds of Vermont, was in Jefferson Davis' cabinet at the close of the war, and fled from Richmond with him, narrowly escaping capture.

Mrs. Gilchrist, the author of the True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia, and a most learned and accomplished Shakespearian scholar, is a handsome, gracious-mannered lady whose hair, under the crisp frill of her widow's cap, shows scarcely a touch of gray.

Carl Schurz, who, as the president of the Hamburg-American Packet Company has made a study of the most improved methods of ocean travel, believes that steamers will yet be built to make the run across to Europe in three or four days. He thinks that safety need not be sacrificed to gain swiftness.

Weakness rather than strength has always seemed to be most prominent in the character of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Just now his æsthetic mind is said to be feeding on the vanities of personal adornment, his silk gowns, lace shirts and diamonds being only portions of the gaudy costumes with which he is dazzling the Sofia public.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts dresses simply and is unassuming in her manner. She is now seventy-seven years of age, and was made a baroness in her own right by the Queen about twenty years ago. Her gifts are impartial, and it is said that no appeal was ever made to her for a worthy cause, be it that of science, art, charity or religion, that she did not respond generously.

Mrs. Eleanor Kirk Ames, the authoress, is as industrious as she is successful. She is constantly occupied at her charming home in Brooklyn with revising proofs, correcting manuscripts and collecting literary information as well as in creative writing. Her noted book, Information for Authors, is in great demand among literary people.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose literary and philanthropic labors have won her many admirers and great fame, lives during the winter in a charmingly decorated New York apartment, and in the summer moves to her pretty cottage at Orange, N. J. In her two homes she feels great pride, for by her own perseverance and endeavor did she win them.

Mrs. Henry W. Grady, widow of the famous southern editor, makes occasional visits to New York, when she is the recipient of innumerable and graceful hospitalities extended by members of the large southern colony in the northern city. Dinners, luncheons, breakfasts, flowers, drives and uncountable callers are among the compliments and hospitalities showered upon the widow.

Barbara Allen gowns is the name a clever dressmaker has given to a creation of her own, that is no more nor less than the new long-tailed basque, made to be worn with a plain skirt. This basque has the full, all-around coat-tails but is exaggeratedly short in the waist, and from the low-cut throat and leg-o'-mutton sleeve wrists turn back deep-pointed lace cuffs.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who for so long a time has lain ill and helpless at a New York hotel, is another Southern woman never forgotten by her countrymen and women in the big city. Her daughter, Winnie, is always her devoted nurse and companion, and for her mother's sake she has almost entirely retired from the world, its amusements and pleasant temptations held out to her by friends and admirers.

Miss Mildred Howells, only daughter of William Dean Howells, a charmingly pretty young girl, made her *debut* this spring in Boston society, where she reigned a belle. Most unfortunately, she is not physically strong, and she is carefully watched and guarded by her devoted parents. Next winter the Howells family will remove to New York, where, in metropolitan society, the great novelist's daughter will gain even a wider circle of admirers.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the wealthy woman whose proposed daring attempt to emulate H. M. Stanley's recent feats in mid-Africa has attracted much general attention, resides with her husband, a well known author, in a beautiful retreat near the Thames, at Hampton. She is of fine physique, lithe and supple, with piercing eyes, very handsome, of exceptional conversational powers, and one who appears to be regardless of fear. She is said to be a relative of Sir Isaac Newton, is comparatively young, and of American birth.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne would seem to be a revolt against heredity and environment. This atheist was born a Roman Catholic and brought up an Ultramontane; this poet of passion was inculcated with the most ascetic teachings; this socialist and revolutionary is a member of a haughty and exclusive aristocracy. His father was Admiral Swinburne. His mother was Lady Jane Ashburnham. Both belonged to a clique of Catholic families of noble blood, who form a circle of their own, like that of the ancient Codini family in Florence. The poet himself was educated at a Jesuit college in France, and afterwards at Oxford.

The Author of Home, Sweet Home.

There is some subtle communion between certain musical sounds and certain thoughts. This is especially noticeable in sacred music, when the melody expresses far better than the oftentimes halting verses, the thoughts of the author. So with Balfe's Gypsy Chorus, the composer has caught the very spirit of the woodland, the free country air and the weird people who love the green grass, the blue heaven and the waving trees better than all the carpeted halls and decorated ceilings of civilization. And so more than in any other melody with Home, Sweet Home. All that most people know of it are the words "Home sweet home" and the music, and still less is generally known of the author and composer, John Howard Payne. But when one enquires into the facts of his life, it will be understood that it was only from such a pen as his that so touching and heartfelt a song could come. He was primarily an actor. It is said that at a very early age he showed a talent for public appearance. We shall soon see the ninety-ninth anniversary of his birth, which occurred at New York on June 9th, 1792. I have said that his dramatic tastes asserted themselves early, and at the age of thirteen we find him a clerk in a New York counting house, but editing a paper devoted to the stage, entitled the *Thespian*. Afterwards he went to be educated by a clergyman of Schenectady, and there he edited a boys' paper, the *Pastime*. He made his first stage appearance when sixteen years old, as Young Norval. He continued on the stage with much success and went to London in 1813. There he established a theatrical journal, the *Opera Glass*, and became a playwright, adapting from the French chiefly, and his pieces becoming very popular. The song Home, Sweet Home he wrote and composed for a play of his, Clara or the Maid of Milan. In 1834, after more than twenty years' absence, he returned to America and endeavored to start a universal magazine with the novel Persian title, *Jam Jeham Mina*. The scheme, however, never came to anything and got no further than the signatures to the subscription sheets. He was then, after a considerable period of waiting and expectancy, appointed United States consul at Tunis, and died at the age of sixty years. He was never married and led during the greater part of his life a sort of Bohemian existence and the beautiful song, his only legacy to posterity, gathers additional pathos from this knowledge. No one but knows the music. Give the dirtiest little street arab you can find a mouth organ and listen for a moment, and if he has any music in him presently you will hear, with variations perhaps, the same old tune, and the street arab knows what it means and appreciates it. And so do Madame Patti and Madame Albani, who sing it as a climax to all their other great arias and recitatives. And they know what it means and so does their audience and no King of Thule ballad nor Jewel song can arouse such enthusiasm.

Of the letter which lies before me now and which is fac-similed on this page, it would be easy to construct a pretty romance. Payne was not yet twenty-five when he wrote it. Did he love her? Did Miss Costello die or did she live to a happy old age? Who can tell? She has dropped out of memory. Her name is not in the biographical dictionaries. Her infantine poetry is unknown. Let us hope that she was successful while she lived; that Jerdan, Esq., dramatic critic for the *Sun*, was kind, or, better still, that she met some good man who loved her, and that she lived a happy domestic life. Poor John Howard Payne, with all his years of literary labor, would be as completely forgotten as she is were it not for that little song, which was merely written to make an incident in one of his plays. TOUCHSTONE.

London, March 14, 1817

Dear Sir,

May I venture to solicit your indulgence for Miss Costello who appears tomorrow night as Imogen at Covent Garden? She is young — not yet sixteen — unfriended, untaught & unpractised — but with all these drawbacks, to me seems (if one can rely on the promise of a room rehearsal) gifted with intelligence & powers which entitle her to patronage — Her father fell at Waterloo & she has, altho' yet so youthful, gained considerable celebrity by a volume of infantine poetry — Her age, her sex & her circumstances, will I trust, win you to be silent, if you cannot be complimentary

Pray command me should it ever be in my power to be useful, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful
Obliged servant,
John Howard Payne,

— Jerdan Esq

Fac-simile Copy of a Letter by the Author of Home Sweet Home.

From the original, in the possession of Mr. John Taylor of this city.

Art and Artists.

Beautiful faces and toilets and stately and snowy shirtfronts inaugurated the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition at the Academy Art Gallery. The exhibition is larger than ever, and the completed catalogue more than justifies what was said of the proof-sheets. The whole work, including advertisements, was designed by Mr. J. A. Radford and reflects much credit upon that gentleman, the advertisements, especially in the case of Messrs. Alexander & Cable, being not far behind the illustrations. The compiler desires me to acknowledge the kindness of the latter firm, as well as Messrs. H. M. Russell and Chas. Sandham, for some of the sketches there reproduced.

"The picture of the year" in New York is John S. Sargent's painting, Beatrice. Although a portrait of the daughter of Mrs. Robert Goelet of New York, it is much more of a picture than a portrait. It is in the style of Velasquez, but embodies a genius entirely original. In fact, it is considered by some critics to be superior to much of Velasquez's work. As Kenyon Cox says, "it seems almost absurd that an American, only thirty-four years old, should paint right here in New York a portrait as good as ever was made at any time, anywhere." The beauty of it is not to be described. In treatment the picture shows a mastery of technique and the composition is simplicity itself, merely a beautiful and quaintly dressed little girl standing with locked hands, looking with great beautiful eyes at the gazer, and at the left side a cuckatoo in his cage. Mr. Sargent has succeeded in imbuing his canvas with the character of his subject. At all hours of the day groups of artists and students flock round the picture and discuss its various merits.

Mr. S. J. Solomon, the English artist, has also scored a great success with his picture, the Judgment of Paris. The composition is perhaps faulty, but his Venus is a new inspiration. In fact, no more satisfactory conception of the goddess has ever been placed on canvas. Titian's Venus is obscene and Ruben's gross. Venus was the goddess of love and pleasure, and the whole pose, form and expression of Mr. Solomon's figure is expressive of this. To use Sir Richard Steele's phrase, she is "a beautiful, romantic animal." The figure is of a maiden, nude and half advancing for the prize from a background of cherry blossoms, with head erect, proud and joyful.

The Toronto Art Students' League are holding their exhibition to-day and on Monday and Tuesday. The character of the exhibition was described in last week's issue, and many visitors are expected. CHAD.

Books and Magazines.

The chief attraction in the May *Lippincott's* is Julien Gordon's complete novel, Vampires. The third selection of Horace Greeley's letters is interesting. Two short stories, by such well known authors as Patience Stapleton and M. G. McClelland, are also included. The poetry is good, and includes three poems by the late Charles Henry Luders. William Sheppard writes of Lost Treasures of Literature, the many priceless manuscripts which have been ruthlessly destroyed. There are also a number of those little interesting articles peculiar to *Lippincott's*.

Bank Chat for April narrates an interesting reminiscence of the late E. A. Sathern. It is presumably by the editor, who also continues his serial.

The Three Fates, a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, opens attractively in the May number of the *Home-Maker*. The illustrated articles are: Some Old Time Jersey Weddings, beginning with the Bridal of Lady Kitty Alexander, and followed by the Camera, illustrated by a number of distinguished amateurs, including Miss Catherine Reed Barnes, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mr. Franklin Harper, Mr. David Williams, and others. Bicycling for Women is delightfully written about by a well known New York expert, Mrs. Josephine R. Redding, editor of the *Art Interchange*. The editor continues her series of papers under the head of Our Little World, and discusses various matters in Our Arm Chair. Grace Ellery Channing, Clinton Scollard, Lucy Agnes Hayes and Carlotta Perry contribute charming poems, and there are short stories and a great variety of excellent miscellaneous and domestic matter, besides the valuable Cycle department, which gives the record of nearly a hundred federated clubs.

The Old Man's Spring.

For Saturday Night.

When life was young and gay my heart,
When sorrow had not come,
Like undesired, intrusive guest
To make my heart her home;
When on my smooth and fair young brow
Time's finger had not placed
These wrinkles, which the flying years
In passing deep have traced;
How welcome was to me the time
When, after deathlike rest
Beneath the fair white covering
Her still form soft have pressed,
Nature awaked by tender touch
Of the sun's kisses warm,
Rising throws off the mantling shroud
Which late has robed her form;
And all the lovelier for her sleep,
And sweet and fair and bright
Stands forth arrayed in witching garb
To fill us with delight.
Ah, spring! sweet spring! I love thee still
Though other feelings come
Than those that swelled my youthful breast
When life and hope were young.
Now thou dost seem a promise sweet
In autumn of my life,
That after wintry death's cold hand
Hath hidden me from sight,
I yet shall live, and presently,
By Nature's God restored,
Young, and made beautiful once more,
Shall stand before the Lord. A. A.

True Courage in Life.

There is a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentered its whole power and life in the love of God-like virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest and noblest attributes of our nature.—*Dr. William Ellery Channing.*

A Question.

Is the drama of the future the animal drama? Home, Sweet Home stars a goat, a sheep, a pig, a cow, a horse, a hen, a rooster, a duck, a goose and a donkey, not counting the advance agent.

Hers Ancient and Modern.

"Fingers were made before forks," remarked Miss Elder, at the table.

"Mine weren't," replied Miss Flipp, spitefully.

Making a Sure Thing of It.

Rowne de Bout—Have you met Miss Chilton yet?

Upson Downes—No; I called there last Friday afternoon and she was out.

Rowne de Bout—That's strange. I called there the same afternoon and she was in.

Upson Downes (dryly)—The next time I call on her I shall go with you.

The Path Through the Wood.

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

Margaret Barron walked alone along the pathway leading through the wood. It was midsummer and the yellow sunlight, falling through the leaves, lay still upon the ferns and the glossy leaves of anemones and of drooping vines that half concealed their red berries. The repressed tears of a patient despair made dark pools in the shadowy depths of her eyes. She was returning from the post office and along the path behind her lay the fragments of a letter torn in her sudden pain.

"Did you know," wrote Grace, "that your dear friend Allan was engaged to that simple little May Jennings? If you had not left college when you did he would have had more sense. He took your place as class poet on Commencement day."

There were other words in the letter, but Margaret had forgotten them. Faithfully she had given herself to her day dreaming during the one year and Allan, the playmate of her childhood, the brother of her girlhood, the idol of her womanhood—he had forgotten her—and for that silly May. Allan with his strong man's heart and hero soul would go about his life's work with hands tied by her. It had seemed to Margaret that only she could aid him in his work; that only the love of Margaret could keep him from evil. And now, to her there was no beauty in the world, no longed to hide from it all. Beyond a meadow lark flying straight toward the sky sang a strain of gladness that to her was keen pain. The leaves twinkled above her, rustling in the slight wind. The tears came nearer to falling as she thought of Sidney Lanier's exquisite fancy:

"Ye sinlessness meet for such passionless grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Touch me the terms of silence, preach me
The passion of patience; gift me; impeach me;
And there, oh there,
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

It was Allan who had first read that to her—Allan who had opened her eyes that they might behold beauty. Her eyes saw not whither she went, but her feet, familiar with the path, brought her to the old stile. And there sat a young man upon whose lips there seemed to be an arrested whistle. As Margaret's eyes rested upon him he arose and removed his hat with grave courtesy, but the flushed slightly, hesitating as to whether or not he should offer to help her over the stile, for Margaret was a beautiful woman, but she glancing quietly at him, stepped gracefully over the stile and went her way. The sorrow was deep in her eyes. To her it might have been a part of the fence. But he resumed his seat and turned and watched her until a turn of the path hid her from him. He thought he had never seen a woman move with such perfect grace.

"She is a lady," he thought; "whatever can she be doing in this wilderness?"

Then he resumed his meditations. He was a rather handsome fellow, fair with close curling hair and deep blue eyes. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and held in his hand, not a volumne of the revised statutes, but a sketch book. He had been thinking and whistling up to the time he caught sight of the graceful figure coming through the leaves and now again the strains of "Willow, tit willow, tit willow" rang through the wood and silenced the lark in the meadow; but it required no mental effort for him to whistle; it never does require much effort; men with no minds at all whistle frequently; as a matter of time he was thinking, "Now, if I could only get that face for my St. Margaret; a cloud background—or rather a cloudy background of Paynes Gray, and that face uplifted, the light in those eyes, 'And that's what I mean and I sigh as I sing, oh bother'—those lips, I can not get away from them even on this fence. I wonder now how Sepia would do for the dead leaves under the green? Now people seem to think I couldn't argue a case, or if I had been an opportunity they would be surprised. Why could not Art and Jurisprudence go hand in hand? There is a field for accident chase. Had I held a brief for the plaintiffs I might have gotten up some fearfully realistic pictures arranged to move on one side behind the witness box in a play; a train passing over the bridge in the storm, (exhibit "A"); another (exhibit "B") the accident; a third, (exhibit "C") the rescue; and the plaintiff would be a-saying, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, that might not be good oratory, but mighty fine sarcasm and so on. Then I'd exhibit "B" and then I would have a phonograph handy, 'Gentlemen of the jury, men of Canada, these shrieks (turn the crank, Mr. Crier,) 'and groans rent the air, and so on, 'and men of Canada it is for you to say whether this giant corporation, with its webs of Fate spun all over this fair land of ours, shall have power to drag down your brothers, your orphans and your widows to destruction and wholesale indemnity therefor. It is for you to say'—I say it is a confounded shame that these caterpillars can't let a man alone. Now, how are I to get at that, anyhow? It is about down to my waist—there. And Jerusha Jane wants me to take to some honest calling. Said Zeb Jenkins, there is a position to sell patent medicines out West; that might do for me and I could be doing some good in the world. There is no use in trying to make Jerusha Jane see the sacrificial, martyr, dignity of the legal profession; she says I might hire out to the neighbors in haying time and teach she 'desetrick mule' in the winter. Nor can Jerusha see any beauty in my pictures. Now, if I could show 'em to the Lady of the Woods who just passed, 'Poor fellow,' she would say, 'I have got to take under my wing'—I guess it is about dinner time," and he shut his sketch book, took his walking stick and stepping over the stile, followed the pathway along which Margaret had walked.

"And that old maid from Farmer Hay's will be there. Why, Mrs. Hay's relative couldn't have put off dying for some time at any rate, is more than I can understand. Now she will be at Farmer Peet's till September. Of course she is an old maid, tall, ugly as sin, with a thin nose and withered lips; no one else ever has a vacation lasting from June till September—schoolmarms every one of 'em.

The farm house of Lemuel Peet was but a short distance from him now. He could see the open door. The blinds of the front room, reserved for the supposed schoolmarm, were thrown back and inside he saw the outline of a graceful head. He came nearer. "Miss Scott!" he said. It was the Lady of the Woods who sat there. He went to his room and proceeded to arrange his blonded locks gracefully as possible. He was glad that there was sunburn on his face. It made him look handsomer. He forgot to be annoyed at the pile of drawers that served as a dressing table, the great feather bed and motto worked in green and purple announcing that the Lord would provide. He felt a peculiar feeling of hesitation to go down to the sitting-room that served as dining-room, when presently the shrill toot of a tin horn announced that dinner was ready. He looked from his little square window and could see Jerusha Jane standing beneath the early apple tree with shoulders thrown well back and cheeks inflated as she blew upon the horn. The sleeves were rolled up from her large bare arms and the moist curls clung to her heated forehead. The sounds ceased and she, turning swiftly, caught his amused glance. The droop of her lip would have been pathetic had she been less vigorously strong.

He went down at last and entered the dining room. Mrs. Peet, Mr. Peet, Jerusha Jane and the hired man were seated and he scarcely daring to glance at her, knew that his Lady of the Woods was also sitting there. His vacant place was next to hers. He felt a slight awkwardness in taking it. But Mrs. Peet commenced:

"Now this is what I calls real fort'nit. Miss Barron let me interduce you to Mr. P. Simons Stuart. Mrs. Hay told me that yer father's sister, she that was Harriet Barron, set great store by his mother, she that was Julia Howe, when they both went to our stun skule house; and I make no doubt that ye will be a sight of company to each other, ye busy writin' that lecture or sumethin' for some paintin' magazine and he everlastingly painting things as he is. Oh Mis' Hay told me all about ye, Miss Barron and I feel reel well acquainted with ye. She said ye ain't none of them upstart standoffish sort of folks that come here to the summer and said ye took right hold once when her Almira was sick and worked as if ye knew how, so I can't make no arranger of ye. And Paul here has been as one of the family most, ever sense he come. Now Lem, do pass them beans to Paul and p'haps Miss Barron would like some more of that Johnny cake. Mis' Hay said ye was a dretful hand to eat Johnny cake. Jerusha Jane, run out and shoe that hen offen my verrandy back. I declare if them hens do best all creation to scratch. Talkin' about paintin' things—Miss Barron did ye notice them dogs painted onto my headboard? They was done by a artist, he calls hisself, come up here about plantin' time. Ye see, he was a dretful hand to paint dogs. But land! I nobody ever did see sich dogs as them be in this world. That big, gest dog on your headboard, p'haps ye didn't notice it—in sorter pink 'round the head and some blue like a-settin' on the tail and yellow in a little lighter tinge, down the back. Think on it! Pink and blue dogs; but then mabee it takes a man like Paul Stuart to be an artist. What is the matter with ye, Jerusha Jane, ye don't seem to be a-eatin' as much as common! Hiram, jest pass up yer cup for some more tea! Lem, I wouldn't ye stop to the store for me when ye go by; I want another half pound of tea; it does beat all, the sight of tea we use. Yall, ye mustn't mind us, Miss Barron. We leave you young folks to entertain each other. Jerush Jane and me's got to git the work done up."

"Miss Barron," said Mr. Stuart, "may I take your chair out to the piazza? It seems a pity to remain indoors to-day."

"Thank you," she answered, "but indeed there is work that I must do."

"Oh Miss Barron," said Mrs. Peet, "Jerusha Jane and me laid out to kinder fix up yer room to-day and if it's so as ye could stay outen it this afternoon ye will obleege me wonderful."

Margaret smiled noiselessly at the artist. What is the matter with ye, Jerusha Jane, ye don't seem to be a-eatin' as much as common! Hiram, jest pass up yer cup for some more tea! Lem, I wouldn't ye stop to the store for me when ye go by; I want another half pound of tea; it does beat all, the sight of tea we use. Yall, ye mustn't mind us, Miss Barron. We leave you young folks to entertain each other. Jerush Jane and me's got to git the work done up."

"Miss Barron," said Mr. Stuart, "may I take your chair out to the piazza? It seems a pity to remain indoors to-day."

"Thank you," she answered, "but indeed there is work that I must do."

"Oh Miss Barron," said Mrs. Peet, "Jerusha Jane and me laid out to kinder fix up yer room to-day and if it's so as ye could stay outen it this afternoon ye will obleege me wonderful."

Margaret smiled noiselessly at the artist. As his hand upon her chair she turned and walked out upon the veranda, he following with some chairs. He glanced at her quiet face in desperation, it seemed that he could not go away.

He said, "Would you mind if I remained here with you for a short time? It has been so long since I—since I have seen anyone I could talk to—and we could talk over old times—for your aunt and my mother——"

A place of amusement came into Margaret's eyes. "Surely you may stay," she said.

Mr. P. Simons Stuart sat himself down and if ever an undeveloped artist and a bashful one labored without apparent effort to make himself agreeable for one whole afternoon, Mr. P. Simons Stuart was that undeveloped artist and that bashful one.

At length he received permission to show his sketches to Margaret and went and fetched them to her. They were crude but possessed of some merit. With ready sympathy she pointed out errors and made suggestions in a manner that made Paul feel that he really could paint if he tried.

The time went on, day by day, and Paul and Margaret became better acquainted and more in sympathy each with the other. A portion of each day Margaret devoted to her work, and during that time Paul was restless, waiting for the time when her work was ended. Until there were long walks across meadows and through the woodland path.

He had entreated her to sit for an ideal head for him. He wanted the face of a saint above the clouds; and often they sat at the old stile, he trying to catch the spirit of heavenly gladness after deep pain that he wished, and meanwhile Margaret was half unconscious of the great disappointment, the emptiness at her heart. The world about her was beautiful, and Paul was pleasant. It pleased her to see him smile; he seemed so full of strong, young life. Yet, sometimes would come to her a glimpse of the desolation of her soul, but this she would shut from herself with a resolute hand. And Paul loved her with all his heart. This she would have known had she but opened her eyes and looked at him.

Paul knew it with ever recurrent hope and despair.

Jerusha Jane knew it and she went about her work in sullen anger, and often she had sty fits of weeping.

Mrs. Peet knew it, and flattered herself thinking of the approbation of her that was Harriet Barron and her that was Julia Howe.

But Margaret did not know. It was the last day of summer, and she, sitting on the stile, waited while Paul put what he said were the finishing touches on his picture.

"It is of no use," he said at last, looking up; "I cannot get this sad expression from your eyes. This saint looks as if she were patiently going to martyrdom rather than gladly going to Paradise. Will you look at it?"

Margaret went to his side and looked at the picture. On a indefinite, ethereal background was a beautiful face with eyes looking upward into the light. The spreading drapery gave the effect of ascending motion, but the eyes were infinitely sad—sadder than he had ever seen Margaret's eyes, although they often had that look in wakeful nights.

They stood together looking at it.

Suddenly he bent toward her and touched with reverent, trembling lips the shadow of her own. She started back from him with a sudden cry. Surprise and anger showed in her eyes. But he took her hands hastily.

"My Margaret, will you not try to care for me? Dear, I want to make you happy; I want to give you all my life. Oh, my darling, you know that I love you; you will not send me from you—you cannot—now. Do not be angry with me. See, dear, I have no life apart from you."

"Hush, oh hush," she said and tried to draw herself from him.

"Can you not care for me?" he demanded of her, holding her eyes with his.

"No, oh no, it is impossible what you ask—"

"Why, why is it impossible?"

"Oh, do not ask me; there is another; no, it is not as you think, he never cared for me."

Her voice broke in a sob and a dress crimson flush swept over her face, she drew herself from him and the branches swayed back and she was lost to his sight.

Through taught the wood she went and came at last to her own room. There was remorse in her heart for Paul's sake and shame seemed to redden her head; but beneath it all she was conscious of a feeling of exultation that she had escaped from Paul—that she had not allowed him to win her. She was glad that her love for Allan could not be removed by a love for a lesser man. She sank upon the floor and hid her face in a low chair.

When she came down, dim-eyed and weak with tears, she saw upon her table a letter addressed to her in the handwriting of her friend Grace.

Listlessly she opened it and carelessly read a few lines, and then it seemed to her that for one instant her heart ceased to beat. "That was all a mistake about Allan's engagement to May," her friend wrote. "May gave that impression to make Charley Ward jealous. Allan was here before you left, and he seemed to have received a professorship in a western university. He is going to find you, he will be there Thursday evening."

Over the soul of Margaret rolled a great flood of joy. "Thank God, oh, thank God," she cried, reaching out her arms to the sky. The sun was near the horizon in a great sea of amber. He was coming Thursday—why, this is Thursday and the train came at five o'clock; if she hastened she might meet him coming through the wood. How glad looked her eyes as she glanced in the mirror, putting on her hat. Whither had vanished the sad look she saw there that morning? Ah, she was about to enter Paradise. She had forgotten Paul; she had forgotten that she had left him at the stile.

She took the path across the meadow to the wood—the old path that led to the stile. She walked slower as she drew near to it, for now she remembered Paul. There was no one there. The level light lay across the path and over the light the long shadows wavered.

There was someone approaching on the path beyond the stile—perhaps it was Paul. Oh, if it were Allan! She raised her eyes for a clearer look. Oh, yes, it was Allan; with wide arms he saw her and hastened toward her. He sprang over the stile and stood at her side.

And Paul, lying behind the screen of low branches through which the picture had fallen at his side, raising himself upon his elbow, saw a tall, broad-shouldered man looking adoringly into the eyes of Margaret; and he clenched his hand in the dead leaves as he saw the look in Margaret's eyes—the look he wished his saint to have as she entered Paradise.

A Newly Discovered Writing of Carlyle's.

There have lately been discovered in England two hitherto unpublished papers by Carlyle. The manner of their discovery and the testimony of persons to whom his handwriting was well known renders the genuineness of the documents incontrovertible. SATURDAY NIGHT is enabled to give a few extracts from the shorter paper, a journal of a trip to France for the benefit of its reader. It is a record of a short trip to Paris which Carlyle made in 1851. The MS. consists of thirty-two closely written sides of "copy," containing in all some 10,500 words. Some account of this trip is given by Mr. Froude from Carlyle's diary (Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London. Longmans. 1890. Vol. II., chap. xix., p. 84.) For what purpose this more detailed version of an event which Carlyle himself speaks of as "very significant" was drawn up, we do not presume to say.

Many people start off for the North Pole or for "Darkest Africa" with less fuss and perturbation of spirit. The chronicle begins on Monday, September 21, when "Brother John" and Carlyle go to Chorley" to consult about passports, routes, conditions." Chorley gave the information required and helped the Seer, who seems to have had no room in his brain for such humble details, to procure a passport. Next day "a runner had arisen that my passport was to proceed to be viséed (if that is the word); that I must go to the city for this end; that, etc.: I called on Chorley to consult; Chorley, his old mother having fallen suddenly ill, could not get away to see me even for a minute."

An inexpected *Deus ex machina*, however, came to the rescue:

"At Chapman's shop I learned that Robert Browning (poet) and his wife were just about setting out for Paris. I walked to their place—had, during that day and the following, consultations with these fellow-pilgrims and decided to go with them by Dieppe on Thursday."

Wednesday had been the day on which he had originally intended to start, but he postponed his journey "for the sake," as he candidly admits, "of company who knew the way." He had indeed the grace to add "The Brownings, and their experience and friendly qualities, were worth waiting for during one day," but it will come as a shock to members of the Browning Society to find that the "god of their idolatry" was confessedly valued by Carlyle chiefly, if not solely, for his efficiency as a "personal conductor" of inexperienced tourists.

At length the fateful day arrives: "Up accordingly on Thursday morning in unutterable flurry and tumult of humor—phenomena on the Thames all dreamlike and supernatural—chasing another; to the station in good time; found the Brownings just arriving, which seemed a good omen."

They take their places in the train, and forthwith the literary "impressionist" begins to take stock of his surroundings:

Browning, with wife and child and maid; then I, then an empty seat for cloaks and baskets; lastly, at the opposite end from me, a hard-faced, honest Englishman or Scotchman, all in gray and a gray cap, who looked rather ostrich-like, but proved very harmless and quiet; that was the last glimpse of him, and so away we went, Browning talking very loud and with vivacity, I silent rather, tending towards many thoughts.

On their arrival at Dieppe the poet again shows himself the practical man of the past. While the others were in the hotel having "some very bad cold tea and colder coffee"—Browning was out in the Douane; we had all passed our persons through it, guided in by a porter, and shown our passports: now Browning was passing our luggage; brought it all in safe about half-past ten, and we could address ourselves to our breakfasts.

After a stroll through the streets with a cigar, "to bed in my upper room, bemoaned by the sea, and small incidental noises of the harbor . . . I woke dreaming confused things about my mother: Ah me!"

On preparing to start for Paris:

Browning as before, did everything; I sat out of doors on some logs at my ease and smoked, looking at the various people of the way.

At the station again:

Browning fought for us, and we, that is the woman (wife of Antoine Leigh) the child, and I, had only to wait and be silent.

On the way to Paris thumbnail sketches of whatever was to be seen from the carriage windows are given. Carlyle has an eye for everything—"the country all made of chalk," "the old parish churches, the towns, the villages all divided into ribbons; *petite culture* with a vengeance;" "ploughing shallow and ill done," etc., till "towards four p.m. see symptoms of approach to Paris." Here once more "a crowd, ing, jingling, vociferous tumult, in which the brave Browning fought for us, leaving me to sit beside the woman." At last our much endured Ulysses reaches the end of his travels and is welcomed at Meurice's by the Ashburtons.

After dinner they go to the Theater Francais, where Changarnier is pointed out to him in the stalls:

Strange to see such a man sitting sad and solitary there to pass his evening. A man of flaccid, baggy face, towards sixty; in black wig and black clothes; high brow, low crown, head longish; small hook-nose, long upper lip and clumsy features of which, and mouth generally, and indeed face generally, express obstinacy, sulkiness, and silent long-continued labor and endurance. Could have likened him to a retired shopkeeper of thoughtful habits, much of whose savings had unexpectedly gone Tory, and who, living in Soho, Eccleston street, resembles him in nose and mouth: but there was more intellect in Changarnier, though in a smoke-bleared condition. A man probably of considerable talent; rather a dangerous-looking man.

Of the actors and their characters he says:

Their wretched mockeries upon marriage, their canine libertinage and soulless grinning over all that is beautiful and pious in human relations, were peculiarly saddening to me; and I proposed emphatically an adjournment for tea, which was acceded to, and ended my concern with the French theater for this bout. Fough!

At Paris he met many celebrities whom he writes of. On one occasion he goes with Lord Ashburton to call on General Cavaignac, "of all Frenchmen the one I cared a straw to see." The General was, however, out of town, and they drove away "disappointed in mind *tant soit peu*." From a study of the outside of Parisian life as presented to his eyes in the streets and shops, Carlyle's steamboat impressions as to the essentially *bourgois* character of the majority of Frenchmen was confirmed:

The genuns gentleman (if taken strictly) seemed to me extremely rare in the streets of Paris, or rather, not discoverable at all. . . . Plenty of well-dressed men were in the streets daily, but their air was seldom or never "gentle" in our sense: a thing I remarked.

Truly, virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it; it is amusing to find this fine old Irish contempt for "Mossoo" in the mouth of Thomas Carlyle! According to him, the real backbone of French society was in the industrial classes:

The truly ingenious and strong men of France are here, making money—while the politician, literary, etc., etc. class is mere play actorism, and will go to the devil by and by.

It seems to have been an unsatisfactory trip to him. He did not like the men he met, and they probably did not like him. By the beginning of October he had had enough of Paris and hastened home as expeditiously as possible, not however without a parting malediction on Thiers and Guizot. The brief chronicle ends: "O, the joy of being home again—home and silent!"

Madame Blavatsky's "Phrase."

A New York gentleman tells how he came to be an "intimate" in the Theosphical Society which was established here in 1875 with Mme. Blavatsky at its head. "I attended a reception at Mme. Blavatsky's one night," he said, "as the guest of a member of the society and simply out of curiosity. When I was presented to Mme. Blavatsky she looked at me shrewdly and said: 'Are you a believer?' I said: 'Well, not exactly; I don't know enough about it; but I'm interested.'

"'It is well,' she said, 'you are a superior man.' I felt pleased at that. A few moments after she introduced me to somebody who came along as 'Mr. L ——, one of our most promising pupils.'

"'But, Mme. Blavatsky,' I said as he went away, 'I'm not a pupil.'

"'Hush!' said she, 'it is a phrase.'

"Half an hour later, Mme. Blavatsky came up with somebody else, to whom she said: 'I want you to know Mr. L ——, one of our most promising members.'

"'But, madame,' said I again, 'I'm not a member.'

"'Hush! said she, 'it is a phrase.' Before the evening was over the madame came once more. This time with a pretty woman, to whom she begged to be introduced to me, Mr. L ——, one of our circle of intimates." It would be impossible to describe the deep tone of mystery and awe with which she said this. I opened my mouth to make a comment, would to protest. 'Hush!' she whispered, as before; 'it is a phrase.'

"I saw a few more of her performances after that, always as an intimate. I knew three words of their heathen gibberish without knowing what they meant. But I could have gone into the innermost circle if I had wanted to and walked straight up to Isis—if that's the right expression—without any more preparation or knowledge than that. I afterward came to know Mme. Blavatsky very well. She was the most magnificent humbug and the best judge of tobacco I ever expect to meet."

His Definition.

"Paw, what's a partisan?"

"It's a man that's always on one side."

"And an independent?"

"Oh, he's always on the other side."

Electric Breaks.

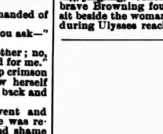
At Mount Eagle, about eight miles from Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va., there is a large residence, on the windows of which from the outside can be seen the photograph of of a man's head and shoulders, the head and features of a woman and child, and in another pane of glass the distinct outlines of a cat. The theory is that the parties were looking through the windows at the river during a storm, and a flash of lightning photographed them indelibly on the glass, but it is not known who they were. The pictures cannot be seen from the inside, but that they can be plainly seen from the outside, is vouched for by prominent citizens of Charlottesville.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A NERVE-FOOD AND TONIC.

The most effective yet discovered.

Fin de Siecle.



Rockesy—I don't consider life worth living; do you?
Rylay—No; have a cigarette!—*Puck.*

He Would Have His Little Joke.

Roadside Lounger.—Hi, there! Hurt yourself?

Mr. Bledso (who has traveled some distance in this position)—No; just road-skulling a little, that's all.

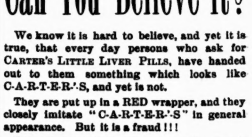
At the Club.

"I belong to Sorosis," said a member of it, "and like to hear the debates on solid subjects; but, after all, we are women and have women's ways. Would a speaker at a man's club praise her fellow members as beautiful or handsome, as one of our Sorosis speakers praised us at Monday's meeting? Would the members of a man's club spend their time at a meeting in talking of each other's coats and hats, as our members talked about bonnets and gowns, and looked at them while it was supposed we were thinking of the literature under review? Some of the members were finely dressed, too, and I could not keep my eyes off one of them, who was beautiful and wore a bonnet and dress that were so lovely that I could not think of anything else."

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

The Cod
That Helps to Cure
The Cold.
The disagreeable taste of the
COD LIVER OIL
is dissipated in
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.
The patient suffering from
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer.
Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE CANADA
Sugar Refining Co.
Montreal. (Limited)
Redpath



We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of
PURE SUGAR SYRUP
not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

The Big Lie.

(In Three Parts)—Part III.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

"Now, jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from Merry Ann and the diffrent sparks, my daddy sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I had cleaned and dressed, and I sent him three hundrejohns of honey, five gallons each. But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and had never a thinking but how to get in the 'capital.' And I did get it in.

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he had to sell. It held a good house on it. He selled it to me cheap. I paid him down and put the titles in my pocket. 'That's capital,' said he.

"That wuar a fixed thing forever and ever. And when I hed moved everything from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a the milch cow that gits eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young calf. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniture of the Ashmont family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or anything rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite necessitentide, jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber: and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for anything. And up to this time I never let on to anybody what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing until I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself, 'This is my capital.' I reckon; and when I hed got all that I thought needcessity to git I took 'count of everything.

"I spread the title-deeds of my farm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see if 'twaur all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniture. That brought out into the stable-yard the old mar'—you couldn't count her ribs now, and she was spry as of she had got a new coat of paint.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and calf, sealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg, my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy that could carry two pusons convenient of two different sexes, so I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and blotty-spotty paper.

"I hed a grand count of my money, jedge. I hed in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather—the gould—and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, everywhar wharever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the farm of Squaire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to surprise him with my 'capital;' but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand show.

"You see, when I was a trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I tell'd him about Squaire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says—

"'The old skunk! What right hez he to be talking so big when he kain't pay his own debts? He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't get even the intrust out of him. I've got a mortgage on his farm for the whole, and if he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"'You shill hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the intrust.'

"'It's a bargin,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the squaire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it. And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine overcoat and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every fork'd step I took; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy.

"Well, jedge, before I quite got to the squaire's farm, who should come out to meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self. She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day, the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, specially when we're on a long caruth hunt.

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she:

"'O Sam! I'm so glad to see you! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And [that's that fool old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-ringing here a'most every day; and daddy, he sw'ars that I shall marry him, and nobody else; and mammy, she's a-at me too, all the time telling how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that; and mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old grisly.'

"'Cuss him,' says I. 'Cuss him, Merry Ann.'

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"'Drot him!' says she; and she said louder, 'and drot me too, too, Sam, ef I ever marries anybody but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long, strong hug, and a-most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says:

"'You-sha'n't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so.'

"'Oh! paho, Sam! How you does talk!'

"'Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes?'

"'Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons.'

"'Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann. What do you think of that?'

"'Why, it's a most beautiful blue velvet.'

"'That's the very article,' says I. 'And see the breeches, Merry Ann; and the boots.'

"'Well,' says she, 'I'm fair astonished, Sam. Why, whar, Sam, did you find all the money for fine things?'

"'A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy drive me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at midnight—'

"'O Sam! ain't you ashamed!'

"'Twas in a dream, Merry Ann, and she tells me something to incourage me to go for'a'd and I went for'a'd, bright and airly next morning and I picked up three servants that hev been working for me ever sence.'

"'What sarvants?' says she.

"'One was a goose, one was a b'ar and t'other was a bee!'

"'Now you're a-fooling me, Sam.'

"'You'll see. Only you git yourself ready, for by the eternal Hokice, I marries you this very night and takes you home to my fairm bright and airly to-morrow morning.'

"'I do think, Sam, you must be downright crazy.'

"'You'll see and believe. Do you go home and get yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy and I'll hev him hyar by sundown. You'll see.'

"'But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam—'

"'I've got on my wedding clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann.'

"'But I hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in,' says she.

"'I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann, says I, 'though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all!'

"Git out, you vassy Sam,' says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mare.

"'Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper.'

"'We'll walk in together,' says I, quite conseckential.

"'Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'

"'Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann,' says I; 'you'll see that all will come out jest as I tells you. And we'll be hitched to-night of Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up.'

"Says she, suddenly, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?'

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see, I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with gold, jest to keep me steady.'

"'I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story.'

"'Well,' says I, 'of so, the crack has let in a blessed chasm of the beautifullest sunlight! You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha! ha! ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to surprise him with the news, I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in his skull and not in mine.'

"'Sir! you mustn't speak so of my father, Sam!' says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"'Don't you be afeard, but it's very sartin, ef our heads ever don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we sit!'

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged round the house. I hitched the mar to the post, took off the saddle-bags which was mighty heavy and walked into the house stiff enough, I tell you, though the gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked.

"Well, in I walked and thar sat the old squaire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his specs over the newspaper and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he generally hed when he spoke to me.

"'Well,' says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it!' Then he seems to distinguish my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're top-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shopkeeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them illigant questions a'ter a while, squaire; but would prefar to see to business fust.'

"'Business!' says he; 'and what business kin you have with me, I wants to know?'

"'You shall know, squaire, soon enough! and I only hopes it will be your liking a'ter you l'arn it.'

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in humor to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squaire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say three hundred and fifty dollars, with intrust on it for now three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the faces, and says:

"'What the Old Harry's that to you?'

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight, 'You gin him a mortgage on this farm for security.'

"'What's that to you!' says he.

"'The mortgage is overdue by two years, squaire,' says I.

"'What the Old Harry's all that to you, I say!' he fairly roared out.

"'Well, nothing much, I reckon. The three hundred and fifty dollars, with three years' intrust at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkilkated it all (without compounding—something ever for'd step I tuk) nine twenty-five dollars—well, squaire, that's not much to you, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"'But I ask again, sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?'

"'Jist about what I tells you—say four hundred and twenty-five dollars; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage, and git your fairm back.'

"And I drawed the paper from my breast pocket.

"'And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?'

"'No; I come myself on my own book.'

"'Well, says he, 'you shill hev your answer at once. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"'Much obleeged to you, squaire, for your cevecility,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and I must hev it, squaire, or thar will be what the lawyers call four closures upon it!'

"'Enough! tell Dr. Mills I will answer in person.'

"'You needn't trouble yourself, squaire; for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper and read the 'signment, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills.'

"Then he snatches up the 'dockyment, turns it over, and reads the 'signment, writ in Columbus Mills' own hand writ.

"Then the squaire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, so humble-like:

"'It's a bonny fodder 'signment.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'it's bonny fodder—riglar in law—and the title all made out correct, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"'And how the Old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"'I was gitting riled, and I was determined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says:

"'See, I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I can. Now you see, squaire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I determined, ef ever I could git the "capital," to git hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signment of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay.' I reckon, sir, ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the four closures to-morrow!'

"'Great God, sir!' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down, 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?'

"'Well, now,' says I, 'squaire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockyment—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—'the house and fairm are mine by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the four closures to make 'em mine.

"'And would you force the sale of property worth two thousand dollars for a miserable four hundred dollars?'

"'It must sell for what it'll bring, squaire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, of it costs me twice as much as the mortgage.

"'Your wife!' says he; 'who the Old Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"'So I had; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I had. You prefar'd money to her affections, and you driv me off to git "capital!" Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital.'

"'And whar the Old Harry,' said he, 'did you git it?'

"'Well, I made good fairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You wuar not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"'Then he goes on: 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'

"'Twan't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married tonight, and I'm swore a most eternal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind today and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the four closures to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you!' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad?'

"'By no manner of means,' says I, cool as a cowcumber.

"'The poor old squaire fairly sweated, but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say:

"'If you only did love Merry Ann!'

"'O!' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that! Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter!'

"Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddle-bags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and O Lawd! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars.

"'It's money,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundred of thousands of my "capital." I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"'Then he turns to me and says, 'Sam Snaffles, you're a most wonderful man. You are a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of heaven, hev you been! and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'

"I jest laughed, and went to the door and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"'Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"Then says I, turning to the old man, 'That's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. They're monstrous heavy. My old mar'—ax her about her ribs now! she fairly squelched onder the weight of me and that money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten, with your leave, squaire.'

"And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half-eagles from my right hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I empelled my left hand pocket, then the side-pockets of the coat, then the skairt pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come in, and as the old squaire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"'Jest you look at that thar.'

"And when she looked onto seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"'I always said you waur the only man for Merry Ann.'

"The old spooney!

"'Well, we were married that night, and hev been comfortable ever sense.'

That was the end of Yaou's story.

THE END.

When His Wife's At Her Club.

The Worry of It.

The worry and sickness of a stubborn headache are easily cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It is the best.

Bright Prospect.

Caller—Is Miss Flyrte at home?
Servant—Y—yes, sir—that is—no, sir.
Caller—Ah, you mean that she is engaged!
Servant—N—no, sir, not exactly, but that young Mr. Cœsus, who has been coming here for the last three months, is with her in the parlor, and I rather think she will be before he goes away.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Ida, Barrie.—The evening study is no doubt at the root of your complaint. You are certainly not in very good health if your mind is disturbed and unrefreshing and your mental disorder will soon upset even the rudest health. Writing denotes great idealism, generosity, artistic taste, ability and vivid imagination. You are careful and conscientious, hopeful and sincere. You might do a foolish thing but you would not be liable to do a wicked one. If I were you I should put the study hour earlier and either converse or engage in some social function or practice music or go for a short walk, if possible, with a congenial companion during the evening. It is quite difficult to prescribe for your ailment in some more of your correspondence, but I am quite sure you need exercise and relaxation. Try it and tell me how it answers. Why don't you learn or practice on a wheel? That is going to be the cure for such troubles as yours in the future.

Mar.—Writing shows want of artistic taste, some decision, a good good humor, but not much sympathy or tact. It belongs to an enthusiastic, hearty, off-hand nature, fond of its own way, a little unselfishness, much speech and action. I don't agree with you that it is very bad writing, because, although unlovely, it is easily deciphered, but it will stand, along with the rest, as a hindrance and improving. The feature you say is unduly large may denote sensuality if the lips are heavy and full, temper if they are thin and pale, coquetry if they are arched and delicately curved, humor if they turn up at the corners. Look in the glass and take your own measure!

Dorothy.—Quotations are not studied. Send a better study. Your writing I am sure would be interesting.

Marjorie Daw.—You are answered in your turn. I conclude you wish a graphological study, though you do not say so. Writing denotes some capability and talent, rather a selfish nature, but a firm decisive principle. Sense of order is strong, but though you may be neat you won't ever be an artist. I think you indeed to a degree upon certain unimportant matters in a way liable to become choccious. You are fond of fun and no doubt are capable of good conversationalist but need training and discipline before you excel in that gracious accomplishment.

Marie Agnes.—Writing shows strong affection, nervous impulse, not much endurance, but great constancy, love of the good things of life, fondness of talk, mirth and fun general y, rather peculiar either in habits or way of thinking, easily moved to hope or despair, not much in artistic taste. You'd never make a charming dress or trim a love of a bonnet, Marie! 2. I have several times given directions for cream of the hair. Dandruff can be washed out by rubbing in white of egg and washing out with warm soft water in which a pinch of borax is dissolved.

Washington.—Writing shows decision, originality, erratic impulse, love of society, some talent and decided earnestness, little artistic taste, want of perseverance, lack of sympathy and probably indifference to any but nearest ties.

Washington.—Thanks for your letter and kindly words. There could not be any credit or satisfaction in criticising at such things and I can assure you that besides a natural aptness and intuitive perception it costs a successful student many hours of industrious application to do one ordinarily well. Once understood the study is full of interest and charm and is almost always exact. The trouble is that many "guessers" easy studies and when they fail bring discredit and discouragement on those who are conscientious and painstaking students.

Polly-Woo—Writing shows carefulness, strength, lack of sustained effort, self-reliance, conscientiousness, some originality, decided will, probably a hobby or two, a happy disposition, does not yield to sudden impulse or emotion, is probably a good conversationalist and has some artistic taste, but the love of beauty is kept from full development by a strongly practical turn of mind, which checks or rejects extravagance in all forms. The study is not quite satisfactory, being more or less a quotation and lacking in effect, which may account for some trains not quite natural to it. Slight self-will, but no temper, though perhaps not as much patience as would be best in adverse circumstances, are also shown.

Spoonbender.—Writing shows large sympathy, some intuition and ideality, lack of tenacity, amiability, some artistic taste, great decision and character, high aims and thoughts. It ought to be the chirography of a very fine type of gentleman.

E. Calcot.—If your first letter contained the silly question you ask in the second one I dare say I tore it up without reading it. I cannot understand how a nice girl could so forget herself as to ask a stranger, man or woman, such a question. Your writing denotes indecision, some love of art, considerable tact and good humor, lack of tenacity, I think you might be a sly and tricky sort of a girl, as well as a silly one, but I hope you will conquer your liklihoods. If you would only devote a little of the time you waste in foolish fancies to your spelling book it would be duly appreciated by your editor or other folk you write to. You say you pray to be delivered from conceit, well you had better keep right on praying! Now let me see if I can't find some redeeming qualities from a new study of your handwriting. You are kind and gentle, anxious for praise, fond of society and ready to forgive and you will probably have good friends.

W. T. S.—I think I have had a second letter from you and regret I hadn't perhaps not, at any rate after a good many unsatisfactory studies your writing comes like a refreshing change. It shows great artistic ability, great intuition, strength, the brightest of optimism, an honest heart, some originality, generosity, great energy and buoyancy and good humor. Thanks for your letter and thanks for a nice study!

Miss Sappho.—1. Writing shows talent and individuality, great imagination, strong intuition, curiosity and self-will. A very bright and attractive study but marred by strong self-assertion and a tendency to exaggerate your own importance. The enclosed has been mislaid or inadvertently answered out of turn, if the former you can send me another. 2. Yes, I am a strong admirer of Miss Braddon's. 3. A strong, uncompromising man with one dominating aim and end, can't you guess what? He is certainly not a hypocrite but I won't take an oath on his goodness.

Miriam.—1. Writing shows tenacity, rather a pessimistic tendency, lack of intuition and artistic taste, some generosity, a little self-complacency, not enough for conceit, lack of energy and impulse, great deliberation. I don't think you ever lose your head for the sake of your heart, though you might for the indulgence of your temper, that is if you could produce a real one, some of your lines are weak and undecided, and your writing generally does not denote any marked strong point. 2. A watchful friend.

Ethel.—I think your *nom de plume* has been used lately by a very different study. Hope you did not take it for yours. Your letter is dated May 1st, the study is undated. Writing shows honesty, attention to detail, good judgment, love of the beautiful in art and nature, considerable tact, some impatience, and kindness which forgives too much, considerable endurance, neatness, you call a spade a spade, and are practical in habits, some decision, a strong point long enough to gain your end while others would give up in disgust; you have some sense of humor, and are of the superstitious "I know light" to other methods of illumination. You could make a good many promises but I am not sure you'd keep eye y one.

Pug.—Writing shows strength and persistence, some talent, also energy if sufficiently roused, great tenacity, little taste for art or appreciation of the more advanced subjects in to-day's topics but a certain airy and breezy way of putting things, not much imagination, no lack of energy, some desire for notoriety and love of approbation, you are honest, independent and ready for a fight or a shake hands as the whim may come to you.

Kathleen.—Originality, love of praise, tenacity of purpose, strong will, a touch of affectation, great liberality, some decided taste or bent, general good judgment, constancy, some mirth, not much intuition are shown in this interesting study.

Sappho.—1. Writing denotes great persistence, some exaggeration, an evenly balanced emotional nature, candor and sympathy, some talent and love of nature, little artistic prejudice, great strength of character. 2. Neither is a very sharp way of expressing yourself. If the person you address is not sufficiently intimate to be interested in the name of your companion, say merely with a "friend, or with a gentleman, or acquaintance, or companion" with is a poor way of putting it—with, is enough. 3. Sappho was a literary lady of ancient Greece. The name means nothing except by this association.

Buntingbar.—1. Writing shows great ideality and artistic taste, a little mannerism, deliberate, fond of nature, some optimism, amiability and extreme neatness and self-control. You thoroughly enjoy a laugh and appreciate social humorous. 2. I don't know the author. It was published anonymously. 3. There is such a person. She is a third-class writer in the United States; I believe in the West.

Sonne.—Writing shows impulse, decision, promeness to inflation in dress and expression, great sense of humor, lack of concentration, an expansive, impractical, undisciplined nature, with splendid material for forming a character far above the average. Your signature is a quotation, and I don't study quotations.

Sallie.—Am sorry your letter has lain so long unanswered, it must have been mislaid some weeks ago. Writing shows lack of order and want of judgment, some originality, a dashed if not overbearing disposition, very generous, but just and honest, a little temperamental and impatient, and apt to be hard on your neighbors. It lacks the gentler graces so attractive in women.

Baa Boo.—Blarney will not do, my friend, but as your enclosed bears date the day of Ireland's patron saint, I suppose I must forgive you! Writing shows hasty judgment, some generosity, want of artistic taste, great strength of character, and good humor. Though it is without set form it is artistic and some feeling in it, and am sure I should not fail to be friends with the writer.

Old Curiosity.—Writing shows expansive nature, prone to exaggerate, fond of conversation, sufficiently persevering, rather fond of a joke, not a very practical or systematic creature and probably untidy or careless, very sympathetic and rather emotional, a character not very steadfast nor satisfactory, although probably able to attract and hold the affection of many more well balanced folk. This is hard to write for the study, as the love of praise and need of social intercourse shown therein make a person dependent on their friends to a certain extent.

Tyro.—Writing shows several very suitable traits to command success in the direction of your ambition. I see in it intuition, honesty, energy, impulse, some generosity and truth, with enough perseverance. Is needed discipline and self-control; the impulse at present is rather unruly, and though the general tendency is upward it doesn't soar as directly as I should like. It does not show any domesticity, but yours is a nature which will need the home influence to develop its most happily. One or two sentences in Pug's delineation would fit you. I shall leave you to select them yourself.

The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties.

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Pillow Sham Holders, 24c, 38c, 49c and 74c; elsewhere, 50c to $1.50. The difference in price is only from difference of finish, the cheapest being practically as good as the most expensive. Children's Door Swings, with fixtures complete, 21c and 27c. Shoo Fly Rockers, 73c, worth $1.25. Rocking Horses, 98c. Wagons, with double-spoked steel wheels, $1.39, for medium size; $1.89 for large. Some handsome Riding Whips, 5c to 12c each. Poor Carriage Whips, 9c each; better for 12c; good for 25c, worth 60c, and for 54c, one worth $1.25.

A few left of solid brass English Hunting horns, $1.00, cost $1.25 to import. Will be sold only in Bargain Day. Store open evenings. Come and see our great stock.

W. H. BENTLEY.

ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL LEADING STORES IN TORONTO

WE RECOMMEND
P. N. CORSETS

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"
THOMSON'S Glove-fitting CORSET
Trade Mark.
"D" FITS LIKE A GLOVE
The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.
Approved by the whole polite world.
ANNUAL SALE OVER ONE MILLION PAIRS
To be had of all Dealers throughout the world.
HIGHEST FIRST MEDALS.
MANUFACTURERS:
W. S. THOMSON & CO., Limited, LONDON

TRULY CALLED THE GREATEST MEDICINE in the WORLD
TRADE MARK
Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure
The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 120 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

DIAMOND VERA CURA
CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION
If you cannot get Diamond Vera Cura from your Druggist, send 25c. for sample box to
CANADIAN DEPOT
44 and 46 Lombard St.
TORONTO, - - ONT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WIVES & DAUGHTERS WEAR THE IMPROVED ALL FEATHERBONE CORSETS
NO SIDE STEELS TO HURT
NO SIDE STEELS TO BREAK
NO SIDE STEELS TO RUST
SOLD BY All the Leading Dry Goods Houses IN CANADA
MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON ONT.

DUNN'S DELICIOUS CUSTARD IN FIVE MINUTES POWDER
SUPPLIES A DAILY LUXURY.

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Send for New 100-page calender for season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply—
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Please mention this paper.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Thorough musical education in all branches. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG PRIMO-CONTRALTO
OPEN FOR
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
Also receives pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Brantford Ladies' College. For terms address—
115 College Ave., Toronto

HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor Soloist Medallist Academy of Music, London, Eng., will receive a limited number of pupils. Open for concert, oratorio, church and other engagements. 80 Charles St.

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Krause, Rutharth and Zwintscher; theory with S. Jadassohn, Scharwenka, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Kleugel of Stuttgardt. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style. Toronto College of Music or 112 College Street.

S. H. CLARK
ELOCUTIONIST
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION
68 Winchester Street - - - Toronto

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH
Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.
Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsic, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
1 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

Lowe's Commercial Academy
346 Spadina Avenue
Central School 53 King Street East

Hundreds of Our Pupils Now Holding Lucrative Positions

Persons wishing to acquire Shorthand, Bookkeeping, &c., in a short length of time, and at the least possible expense, should attend the above school.
Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.
Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices.
The Only Charge Until Proficient Being $5
PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS

PERFUMES

OF
Lubin, Lautier Fils, Pinaud, Ricksecker, Atkinson, Roger & Gollet, Lundborg, Coudray, Baldwin, Gosnell, Vennard, Mann
and other leading makers

FOR SALE BY
NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
166 Yonge Street Telephone 1558

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

DEAFNESS
ITS CAUSES AND CURE
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
Dr. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

THE VOICE
Production, Development, Cultivation and Style
W. ELLIOT HASLAM
SPECIALIST FOR VOICE CULTURE
Gives lessons in Singing, and prepares professional pupils for Oratorio, Concert or Opera.
Studio 143 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 13 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALITIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
4 and 6 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the first Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1060. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

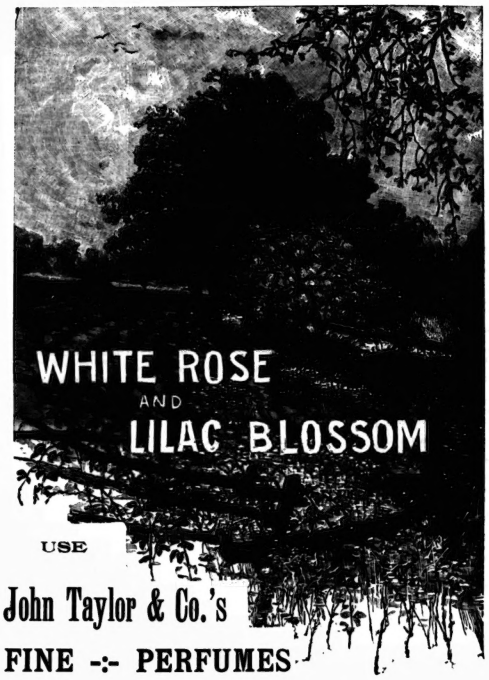
HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

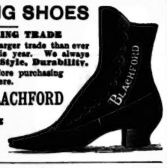
NEW DENTAL OFFICE
Lately opened by M. F. SMITH
(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfectness of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.
Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West
Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth



WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East Toronto



(Or laced). A fine shoe for summer wear for gentlemen. ONLY $2.50.
Pickles' Shoe Parlor, 328 Yonge Street

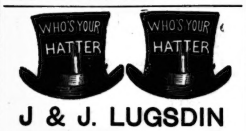
Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots Shoes Rubbers
WM. WEST & CO.
246 Yonge St.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR $600.00 BY
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
For information apply to
W. R. CALLAWAY
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT
118 King Street West, Toronto

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.
Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
A route wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.



J & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 Yonge Street TORONTO
Telephone No. 2575

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
BEST IN THE WORLD
30 YEARS IN USE

MEDICAL.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homœopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uncina Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY
210 Huron Street, first door north of College.
Specialist diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1605.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:
No Life Without Love Waltzes By Chas. Bohner.....Price 50c
Reverie Musicale Valse By J. C. Swallow.....Price 50c
Move On Polka By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40
Field Flowers Waltz By M. A. Weped.....Price 50c
Every piece a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
153 Richmond Street - - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

MILLINERY
See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.
Dress and Mantle Making Our Art
Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.

Established 1866
J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
MISS CHUBB
436½ Yonge St., Just South of College

Easy and Other Chairs
Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture
These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.
WELLINGTON STOTT
170 King Street West - Toronto

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 391 Yonge Street.

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 106 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

A New England hand-organ factory has shut down. It wouldn't be natural for them to shut up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last Tuesday afternoon from 4 30 to 7 p. m., Harr Hall was thronged with guests, it being the occasion of a most charming At Home which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, who were assisted in receiving their many friends by the Misses Mason. The spacious rooms were prettily arranged, particularly the one in which refreshments were served. The table was tastefully decorated with smilax, and the abundant dainties were intermingled with a profusion of flowers. About one hundred were present and appeared to have an enjoyable afternoon. Some of the ladies' costumes were exceedingly handsome and becoming. This At Home was given prior to the family leaving for Toronto where they purpose residing for two years. Their departure is much regretted here, both in social and musical circles. Among those who availed themselves of this pleasure were: Mrs. John Strathy, Capt. and Mrs. Whish, Miss Hewett, Mrs. John Ardagh, Mrs. Vansittart, Rev. Canon and Miss Reiner, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mrs. D. and the Misses Spry, Mrs. Wm. Boys, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Miss E. Patterson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay of Crown Hill, Mrs. George Hallam, Miss K. Ardagh, Mr. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Wm. Grey of New York, Miss Brydon, Mrs. and Miss Hewson, Mrs. J. H. McKeggie, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Charles Hewson, Mr. Herbert Fortier, Miss Kortright, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Major, Miss E. Ardagh, Mr. Johnston, Miss K. McCarthy, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. F. Lett, Mrs. and Miss Rogerson, Mrs. Charles Lett, Miss M. Lally, Mr. Saunders, Miss B. Stewart, Miss F. Morgan of Toronto, the Misses Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Holmes, Miss Thomson, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Rogers, the Misses McConkey and many others.

Dr. A. Ross left this week for England.

Mr. A. McVittie of Toronto was in town recently for a few days.

There is to be a tennis match on the 25th of this month between Toronto Club and Barrie.

Mr. W. Campbell spent a few days in town last week.

Will probably give an account of some items of interest next week. META.

HAMILTON.

One of the jolliest dances given this season took place on Thursday evening of last week. Mrs. Principle of Hannah street welcomed several young people to an enjoyable evening. Among those present were: Misses Carr, Robinson, Palmer, Martin, O'Reilly, E. O'Reilly, Moore, Sinclair, Barker, Messrs. Amberry, Young, Carr, Hamilton, Lampman, Moreton, Pottinger and many others.

A recital was given on Thursday evening of last week in the Central church school-room by Mr. Thos. Martin of Hellmuth College, London and Mr. Harold Jarvis of Toronto. Of course Mr. Martin has been heard before and only established himself more of a favorite than ever, if that could be possible, as a pianist. Mr. Harold Jarvis made his first appearance and it is safe to say that it will not be our fault if he is not heard again. His voice is of exquisite quality and he sings with the greatest pathos and gave artistic renderings of his songs, which were Douglas Gordon, Margarita, and as encore delighted his hearers with Afton Water and a lovely little slumber song. It is to be hoped Mr. Jarvis will soon again please a Hamilton audience. During his visit Mr. Jarvis was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan.

Mrs. Ernest Smith of London is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris of Duke street.

Mr. Arthur Burton has returned from England and will reside in Hamilton.

Miss Wilson of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank.

Senator Sanford left last Friday for the North-West.

Mr. Adam Brown, commissioner for Canada at the exhibition at Jamaica, returned home Monday morning and looks extremely well and it is needless to say enjoyed his trip very much. A banquet will be given on June 11 in his honor.

GRAND CONCERT
OVIDE MUSIN
The Great Violin Virtuoso

Pavilion, Thursday Ev'g, June 4

ASSISTED BY

ANNIE LOUISE TANNER, Soprano.
INEZ PARMATER, Mezzo-Soprano.
KARL STORE, Baritone.
EDWARD SCHARF, Pianist.

TICKETS $1.50 and $1.00

Plan of seats open to the public at Nordheimer's, Monday morning, June 1.

Niagara River Line
SINGLE TRIPS

PALACE STEAMER
"CHICORA."

Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

Where Shall I Rusticate this Summer
AT THE
HOTEL LOUISE, LORNE PARK,

Which has been improved in every way. This season it will be under the Company's management with an efficient corps of employes. First-class cuisine. Plenty of amusements of all sorts to wile away the idle hours of guests and cottagers. The natural beauties of the Park and its surroundings are well known. Good steamboat and train service. Rates, $9 and $10 for one, and $15 and $16 per week for two persons. Open June 15th. Reduced rates for June. Address
LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

Special Sale of Wall Papers

WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c, per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold $1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.

ELLIOTT & SON
94 and 96 Bay Street Toronto

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

THE prettiest goods the New York market affords have been brought here by Mr. McKendry, who has just returned from that great city. The lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, who have not visited 202 before, should not put off any longer, for never since the doors of this store swung open have we shown such lovely goods at such little-sized prices. We are doing the

Millinery

trade of Toronto. Our prices are acknowledged to be much below the wholesales, and other retail men are sorely grieved at the way we are breaking up the old system of double and treble profits. Take a few lines from our Millinery rooms indicative of every department in the store:

Children's Leghorn Hats, wide brim, 50c, wholesale price, 95c.

Children's Black Leghorns, 69c and 99c, wholesale price, 85c and $1.10.

Fancy Leaf Fine Leghorns in cream and black, our price, 95c, wholesale price, $1 35.

Long Wreaths, 30c, wholesale price, 50c.
" " 25c, " " 35c.

These prices are absolutely correct, not put here at random, but after sending down and procuring samples of the goods. How is it done? That's our worry, yours to know that we have the goods, and our prices are simply untouchable.

What lovely Dress Goods and Silks we are showing!—elegance in design, beauty in texture, common sense basis in prices.

Monday Bargain Day

McKENDRY'S
202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

DUFFERIN PARK

$10 000 in purses. Meetings of the season: June 3, 4, 5; July 1, 2, 3; August 5, 6, 7; September 2, 3, 4; Oct. 1, 2, 3.
FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse $200; 2 22 class, purse $200; 2 40 c'ass, purse $200.
SECOND DAY—2 45 class, purse $200; 2.26 class, purse $200; 2.27 pace, purse $200.
THIRD DAY—2 50 class, pacers and trotters, purse $200; 2.35 class, purse $200; 2 30 class, purse $200; free-for-all, pacing and trotting, $2 0.

The above programme will be continued throughout the season on the above dates. Entries closed May 15 for the June meeting, June 15 for the July meeting, July 15 for the August meeting, August 15 for the September meeting, September 15 for the October meeting.

Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds, 50c; vehicles, 50c. Entrance fee, 10 per cent., payable on the date when entries close for each meeting. All races to be for trotters only, except 2 50, 2 27 pace and free for all. All money divided 50 per cent., 25c per cent., 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. In all cases there must be five to enter and four to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. The right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes, in other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied with entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Dundas, College, Dovercourt and Bloor street cars. J. S. CHARLES, Proprietor,
No. 880 Dufferin St., Toronto.

CANADIAN NIGHTINGALES

CONCERT
In aid of St. Ann's Church,
Thursday, May 28, in Horticultural Pavilion

MRS. CALDWELL Soprano
MRS. A. H. GARRATT, Contralto
MR. HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor
MR. J. BRYCE MUNDIE, Tenor
MR. H. M. BLIGHT, Baritone
MR. J. F. THOMSON, Baritone
AND
MRS. AGNES THOMSON, Soprano
Accompanists—Mrs. H. M Blight and Mr. E. W. Philips.
Reserved seats, 75c; seats, 50c; admission, 25c. Plan open and tickets for sale at Nordheimer's on and after 9 a.m. Tuesday, May 26.
CAPT. GREVILLE-HARSTON, Manager.

PRE-EMINENTLY
THE GREATEST SUCCESS EVER KNOWN
THE BON MARCHE'S
SILK AND DRESS GOODS SALE

Spreads happiness among the thousands. The public is gradually awakening from its lethargy. Wideawake people watch for our advertisements. When they see them they read every item. Last week's bargains were pleasing. See what we have for next week:

1,700 yards pure Silk Surahs, all the fashionable shades, including black and cream; regular price, 40c; our price next week is	ONLY 30c Per Yard	3,400 yards pure Silk Gros Grains, one of our specials for the great sale; regular price this week, $1.25; our price next week is	ONLY 75c Per Yard
2,500 yards black pure Silk Merveilleux (remember all silk); regular price, 60c; our price next week is	ONLY 45c Per Yard	2,000 yards Heavy Cord pure Silk, Gros Grain; the regular price is $1.50; our price next week is	ONLY 85c Per Yard
1,900 yards Black Silk Dress Surahs, extra width (full 26 inches wide); regular price, 75c; our price next week is	ONLY 50c Per Yard	2,300 yards Royal Armure Silks (splendid wearing), all colors; regular price, $1.25; our price for next week is	ONLY 75c Per Yard
2,700 yards of the fashionable Pongor Silk, all shades, including black and cream; regular price, 75c; our price next week is	ONLY 50c Per Yard	1,900 yards beautiful shades Faille Francaise, warranted all silk; regular price, $1.50; our price for next week is	ONLY 85c Per Yard

We would again remind parties living at a distance that letter orders receive our best attention Kindly write for samples; we will be pleased to send them by return mail.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 King Street East

WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

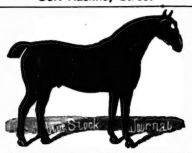
Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

MOTHERS
Bring your boys here to-day and have them fashionably and neatly attired on the Queen's birthday with one of our new suits.

We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street



The Champion Hackney Stallion, YOUNG NOBLEMAN, winner of first prize £100 and Gold Medal, open to the world at London (Islington) and ten first prizes. For catalogue of prizes, terms, etc., apply to
GEO. H. HASTINGS,
The Pines, Deer Park.

ICE ICE
We have a very fine stock of Lake Simcoe and Pure Spring Water Ice, which we guarantee to deliver to all parts of the city at lowest rates.

Grenadier Ice Co.
(R. A. SCARLETT, Manager.)
Office 47 Scott Street, cor. Colborne Street
Telephone 2075.

CUNARD
AND OTHER STEAMSHIP LINES FOR
EUROPE
A. F. WEBSTER 58 Yonge Street

M. STAUNTON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Wall Papers
Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED
GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West

MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

ARTISTIC HOMES

$22,000 ST. GEORGE STREET—Large lot, elegant residence, heated by Gurney hot water system, tennis lawn, good stable.

$8,500 ST. GEORGE STREET—Handsome semi-detached solid brick house, 10 rooms, furnace, modern conveniences, good stable, immediate possession.

$2,500 HOWARD AVENUE—Solid brick, semi-detached, 8 rooms, furnace, bath, hot and cold water, etc.

$5,500 BRUNSWICK AVENUE—Semi-detached, solid brick, 10 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, furnace, etc.

$7,000 COLLEGE STREET—Cor. Henry, 11 rooms, bath, furnace, modern conveniences; would rent to good tenant, excellent site for a doctor.

$11,500 MADISON AVENUE—First-class, highly finished, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

?
WHAT IS THE
MASON AND RISCH PIANO?

It is the most unqualified success in
MUSICAL ART MANUFACTURE
which this country has as yet produced.

Only an instrument of which this is true could have elicited the following letter from such a pre-eminent source of authority:

"The Mason & Risch piano you forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion.
"FRANZ LIZST, the Great Maestro."

HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents
AT
BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET

Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

Your Picture Free
I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.

Don't miss this opportunity.

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

The Dufferin Park June Meeting.

Mr. J. S. Charles offers a most interesting programme for the June meeting at Dufferin Park. He has added two novelties for his patrons, a team race and a mile heats running race. The entries are very large, and nearly all Ontario flyers will take part. The 2.30 race on June 4 will perhaps be the most interesting. The meeting will last three days in all—the 3rd, 4th and 5th of June, and the best judges will be present.

DENTISTRY.

DR. H. D. BOYES
DENTIST, ETC.
Room 26 Yonge Street Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS
DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

Pike's Piano Polish
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
P. P. P.
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

STRONG—At Galt, on Tuesday, May 19, the wife of Arthur D. Strong—of a daughter.

THOMPSON—At Cayuga, on May 17, Mrs. David Thompson—a daughter.

BICKNELL—At Hamilton, on May 19, Mrs. James Bicknell—a daughter.

KIERAN—At Toronto, Mrs. F. Kieran—a son.

ACLAND—At Toronto, on May 15, Mrs. F. A. Acland—a son.

DEFOE—At Toronto, on May 13, Mrs. D. M. Defoe—a daughter.

ASHDOWN—At Toronto, on May 15, Mrs. Ella Julyan Ashton—a daughter.

FREEMAN—At Walkerton, on May 15, Mrs. W. F. Freeman—a daughter.

MACCARTHY—At Toronto, on May 17, Mrs. Hamilton MacCarthy—a daughter.

TILT—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. R. W. Tilt—a daughter.

AIKENHEAD—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. Thomas E. Aikenhead—a daughter.

ADAMS—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. J. Frank Adams—a daughter.

DECATUR—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. D. R. Decatur a daughter.

MILLER—At Winnipeg, Man., on May 13, Mrs. Hyman Miller—a son.

MACHELL—At Toronto, on May 6, Mrs. H. T. Machell—a son.

YOUNG—At Little Britain, on May 10, Mrs. W. R. Young—a daughter (still-born).

ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on May 15, Mrs. L. H. Robertson—a daughter.

HALLOWELL—At Toronto, on May 15, Mrs. C. G. Hallowell—a daughter.

TELFER—At Collingwood, on May 16, Mrs. Fred J. Telfer—a son.

Marriages.

BLAKE—BENSON—At Port Hope, on May 19, Edward Francis Blake to Ethel Benson.

BIRD—HOOD—At Woodstock, on May 15, Godfrey Bird to Mary E. Hood.

HABOCK—HAMILTON—At Toronto, on May 12, George N. Habock to Mary Grace Hamilton.

GREEN—TOMKINS—On May 6, Robert John Green to Ella Tomkins.

MIDDLETON—BROWN—At Toronto, on May 13, William Edward Middleton to Bella Brown.

NANTON—JOLY DE LOTBINIERE—At Bellary, Madras, India, Herbert Colborne Nanton to Marguerite Joly de Lotbiniere.

SNIDER—METCALFE—At Toronto, on May 13, Capt. E. Snider to Mrs. E. H. Metcalfe.

FITZOR—MARSTON—At Orillia, on May 13, Charles E. Fitzor, D. L. S., to Nina Wilson Marston.

Deaths.

KENNEDY—On May 1, 1891, of la grippe, at the residence of her uncle, Dr. J. G. McConaghy, in Paris, France, Marie Marguerite (Birdie) only daughter of the late James Kennedy, Esq., of Belleville, Ont., merchant. Chicago and Joliet, Ill., papers please copy.

ANDERSON—At Windsor, on May 17, Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, aged 69 years.

DICKSON—At Belleville, on May 18, George D. Dickson.

REA—At Toronto, on May 19, James Rea, aged 9 years.

CAMPBELL—At Guelph, on May 19, J. McD Campbell, aged 40 years.

ROBINSON—At Toronto, on May 19, Gilbert Robinson, aged 24 years.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on May 19, William Taylor, aged 65 years.

MORTON—At Chatham, on May 10, Robert Morton, aged 63 years.

GIBB—At Toronto, on May 16, Mrs. Mary Gibb, aged 52 years.

ADAMS—At Toronto, on May 17, Mrs. J. Frank Adams.

WHITE—At East York, on May 17, William White, aged 68 years.

COLBY—At Toronto, on May 16, Mrs. Arthur Colby.

METCALF—At Toronto, on May 15, Francis Metcalf, aged 4 years.

BENSON—At Toronto, Maud Benson, aged 15 years.

DAVY—At Toronto, on May 18, Fanny L. Davy, aged 3 years.

HERBERT—At Toronto, on May 13, Mary Herbert, aged 50 years.

HEATON—Accidently, at Plas Heaton, Denbighshire, North Wales, on April 28, Hugh Heaton, aged 25 years.

JUBB—On May 11, Thomas Jubb, aged 60 years.

HARCOURT-VERNON—At South Cranleigh, England, on May 14, Jane Catherine Harcourt-Vernon.

LEONARD—At London, on May 14, Hon. E. Leonard, aged 76 years.

McBRIDE—At Toronto, on May 14, Angelina McBride.

RICHARDSON—At Toronto, on May 14, Ann Richardson.

LARSEN—At Toronto, on May 17, Maggie S. Larson, aged 7 years.

SHERRIFF—At Toronto, on May 16, Mrs. J. Gordon Sherriff.

BRADY—At Fergus, on May 10, Kate Brady.

MURPHY—At Toronto, on May 16, Robert Murphy, aged 53 years.

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

OAK HALL

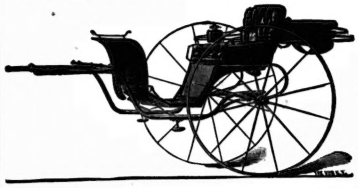
OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

SPRING CLEARING SALE

OF OUR ENTIRE IMPORT OF
NEW SPRING GOODS
OVER $550,000.00 WORTH
OF THE
CHOICEST AND MOST SEASONABLE DRY GOODS
ALL TO BE SUBMITTED TO
AN ACTUAL SACRIFICING SALE
Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Millinery, Costumes, Hosiery, Gloves, Staple Goods, Prints, Sateens, Flannels, Ginghams, Shirtings
Carpets and Housefurnishings, Clothing, Woollens, Suits Furnishings, etc., etc.
ALL OFFERED AND NO RESERVE
Sale Every Day, Commencing Wednesday, May 20
THIS SALE IS DESTINED TO BE
THE GREAT BUYING OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East
18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS
Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.
CHARLES BROWN & CO.
6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB
WOODBINE PARK
Spring Meeting, May 23, 25, 27 & 30
16 FLAT RACES. 5 STEEPLECHASES
First race at 2.30 p.m. each day. Street cars run to track.
Badges on sale at J. E. Ellis & Co.'s, Queen's Hotel and Rossin House, Friday, May 22.
W. HENDRIE, President. L. OGDEN, Secretary.

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.
SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.
Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 356½ Yonge Street, 372 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.
The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2689.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

DIAMONDS.
G. E. TROREY
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.
RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhœa
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Disease
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient so completely as this. We can use the same belt on an invalid that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

OUR MAY BARGAINS
CONTINUE THE ENTIRE MONTH
Spring Mantles, Velvets, Wraps,
AND LACE GARMENTS
Are offered at prices unequalled by any other house in the Dominion. A similar great reduction is made in our
DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
Ladies are invited to examine these goods while the choice of selection remains. Our exceptionally low prices are readily clearing them out.
An Extraordinary Good Purchase Enables us to Offer
200 PIECES OF RIBBONS, No 16
In the newest shades to be sold at 9 cents a yard, fully worth 20 cents.
100 DOZ. 4-BUTTON KID GLOVES.
In Tans, Browns, Greys and Blacks, to be sold at 50 cents a pair. They would be cheap at $1.
100 Doz. Ladies' Cotton Hose.—Full furnished, fast colors, in black, seal and navy, to be sold at 20 cents a pair, or three pairs for 50 cents. Well worth twice that price.
OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT
Would well repay a visit this month. This department has been under the able supervision of Miss Fleming for more than five years, during which time it has won the highest praise from the most fashionable dressers.
H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.
Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Warerooms: - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

BUY THE
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y